NARROW ROADS CAUSE MISHAPS, LEADERS FIND

Built for Traffic of 10 or More Years Ago, National Conference Reports

HIGHWAY CAPACITY TAXED

Widenings and Avoidance of Sharp Curves, Grades Among Recommendations

Washington, Aug. 16—Motor vehicle accidents in many instances are attributable to narrow roads, according to the findings of the third National Conference on Street and Highway Safety.

"Many of the hard surfaced roads in use today were built to handle the volume of traffic of ten or more years ago, and before the use of wide buses and freight carrying trucks became so general," said a report of the conference.

The conference favors the widening of these roads as a means of increasing their safety, meeting the traffic demand and reducing the hazard of accident.'

LOOKING AHEAD 10 YEARS

In an effort to look forward to the traffic conditions which may reasonably be expected in 10 or more years from to increase in automobiles, the conference pointed out that the rapid growth in the use of motor vehicles already has imposed a demand on the existing streets and roads that in many cases exceeds or threatens to exceed their capacity.

Among the recommendations made by the conference were:

1—Adequate roadway width for the traffic, with separate footways along highways with heavy vehicular and pedestrian traffic, and adequate right of way to provide for parking space, clear views at curves and intersections and future roadway widening.

2—Space for parking off the traveled portion of rural highways, either continuously or at intervals not exceeding 300 feet.

3—Reasonable grades of not more than 8 per cent where feasible, and curves of not less than 300 feet radius on highways of primary importance, with widening and banking of curves.

AVOIDANCE OF SHARP CURVES

4—Avoidance of combinations of heavy grades and sharp curves.

5—Clear view of approaching vehicles for at least 500 feet on highways of primary importance, provided by necessary control of private advertising signs on the right of way, or on private property near the highway, and by removing the trees, shrubs and sloping banks on or off the right of way, and cutting down sharp hillcrests.

"Not only should physical hazards be removed, but special protective measures, such as signs and markings should be installed," the statement said. "These signs and marks should be uniform in every state and on every highway.

"The hazard at highway intersections is such as to require the same safety as are taken in respect to railway grade crossings."

REMEDY PLANNED FOR 'ONE-EYED' CARS

The motor vehicle commissioner of New Jersey is considering a plan to prescribe spare headlight bulbs as part of an automobile's equipment to overcome the dangerous situation of having "one-eyed" cars on the highway.

CHAUFFEUR POPULAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

Most of the automobile owners in the Philippines employ a chauffeur. This is due to the fact that the operator of a motor vehicle which injures a pedestrian is subject to arrest and imprisonment until he can prove that he is blameless.

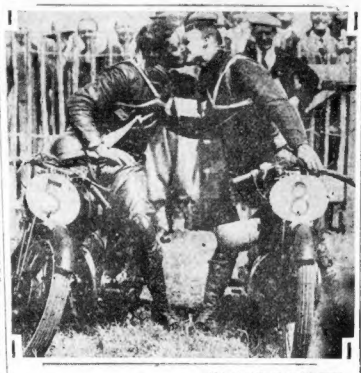
DRIVERS MUST STOP FOR INJURED DOGS

A driver of a motor vehicle in California is required by law to stop if he injures a dog along the highway. The California statute requires a driver to stop after causing damage to persons or property.

Speed Consumes "Gas"

Gasoline consumption is greater at highest engine speeds. Not only does the price of this action involve gasoline but tire waste and brake waste as well.

Men in the Isle of Man



—Photo by International Newsreel.

G. W. WALKER (left), who finished third, and C. H. Tyrell-Smith, the winner, congratulating each other after the junior motorcycle tourist trophy race on the Island of Man, England. The race is one of the sport classics of the year on the island.

BIG FUEL CHANGE TO BE DISCUSSED

Petroleum experts representing universities, technical schools, and industries will assemble at the 80th meeting of the American Chemical Society at Cincinnati, Sept. 8 to 12, to discuss developments which, it is declared, are reshaping the future of the automotive industry.

These developments, chemists point out, center largely about new uses of high pressures, of which the hydrogenation of petroleum is one of the outstanding products to date. Discovery of the value of such pressures is believed to mark the foremost advance achieved in applied chemistry in the last 20 years, according to Prof. Norman W. Krase of the University of Illinois, who has been appointed chairman of a symposium which the petroleum division of the society will sponsor.

Experiments in the cracking of petroleum, "knocking" tendencies of commercial gasoline, formation of gum in motor fuels, and chemical reactions involved in gas absorption are among the subjects scheduled for discussion.

Hydrogenation of petroleum, by means of which chemists are now able to convert every drop of oil into salable gasoline, is justly regarded as a revolutionary step in the development of the automobile industry," Prof. Krase said. "Yet the new method indicates future possibilities almost as striking."

LUMINOUS PLATES ON AUTOS TESTED

The commissioner of motor vehicles of Pennsylvania is conducting experiments with a highly luminous plating of the numerals of automobile license tags.

The numerals stand out in bold relief on the test plates with a minimum amount of light turned on them.

WOMEN SURPASS MEN AS DRIVERS

One-fourth of the operators of motor cars in Pennsylvania are women, but the number of men involved in fatal automobile accidents is nine times greater than the number of women.

The number of registered operators July 1, 1930, was 2,016,127. Of this number 492,943 were women—24.5 per cent of the total.

GLOW IS GUIDE AT NIGHT FOR DRIVERS

Operators of motor vehicles are aided at night in the Rhine region of Germany by bands of phorescent paint on the trunks of trees. The composition causes a glow in darkness.

Lubrication Important

The first requirement in the owner of a car is proper lubrication. Oil and grease of various kinds, acting to fully or partially separate moving units of the machine, reduce friction.

RETAIL SALES OF NASH INCREASED

More new Nash cars were sold at retail during the first week of August than during any week since the week ending May, 1929, according to the report made by F. M. Rollins, retail division manager, to H. C. Hart, president of the Nash New England Co., for the monthly meeting of metropolitan dealers.

Mr. Rollins further said:

"Emphasizing also the upward curve in Nash sales for July which, by comparison placed the month ahead of July a year ago, last Monday's retail sales were substantially better than usual.

"On some evenings there are good sized groups who visit Nash New England Co's salesrooms making comparisons and giving definite orders. This is further evidence that there is a good volume of motor car business ahead."

PEDESTRIANS WEAR BELTS FOR SAFETY

To protect them at night while they are walking along rural highways, in England, pedestrians have introduced a new safety belt which prevents them from being hit by automobiles.

The belt has several red reflectors attached to it, and when the lights of an oncoming automobile flash onto these reflectors, the motorist driving knows there is a pedestrian in his path and proceeds with caution. The reflectors can be seen for 70 yards.

"LIQUID GAS" USED IN AUTO FACTORY

Automobile companies constantly are seeking better materials and processes. At the Oldsmobile factories a new gas was adopted for heat treat furnaces.

This gas comes in liquid form under pressure. When the pressure is decreased it evaporates into a gas which burns with a longer flame, provides closer regulation and is less explosive than the illuminating gas heretofore used.

SPAIN TO PROMOTE MOTOR INDUSTRY

The Spanish Government is considering means for promoting a national automobile industry to cut down imports.

Upwards of $7,000,000 are spent by Spaniards every year in payment for nearly 20,000 automobiles imported, mainly from France and the United States.

GEORGIA SPENDING $9,000,000 ON ROADS

Atlanta, Aug. 16 (INS)—A recapitulation of road building throughout Georgia just completed by Chairman J. W. Burnett of the State Highway Board, reveals that projects totaling $9,000,000 are now under construction.

PARIS OPENS WAR ON PEDESTRIANS

Days of Waving Umbrella in Street to Stop Traffic Are Passed

Paris, Aug. 16 (INS)—Paris pedestrians are going to be punished severely in the future if they don't watch their step.

Prefect of Police Chiappe says that those who cannot cross streets safely and with due regard for the general welfare must take what they deserve and he has ordered his men to issue summonses. The days of crossing in mid-block and holding up stick or umbrella, as so many Frenchmen do, to stop traffic, have passed.

Two new rules insist that crossings be made only in the special lanes and corners and that if there is no special lane, drivers will have right of way.

Spain Tests Olive Oil as Fuel in Autos

EXPERIMENTS were conducted in Madrid, Spain, in the use of olive oil as a fuel for motor vehicles.

Olive producers have asked the Government to support experiments which they hope will result in extensive use of olive oil for lubrication, now accomplished by mineral oils, as a measure toward solving the problem of olive overproduction.

QUEBEC IN FIGHT ON HIGHWAY DUST

The department of highways of the province of Quebec has this year taken special means to eliminate the dust nuisance on gravel roads. It has been decided recently to apply calcium chloride on all the gravel roads with heavy traffic.

7,000,000 ACRES GIVEN TO RUBBER

U. S. Consumption for First Half of This Year to Fall Below 1929, Is Belief

Washington, Aug. 16 (INS)—Approximately 7,000,000 acres of land throughout the world have been given to the cultivation of rubber, according to a survey just completed by E. G. Holt of the U. S. bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

While consumption of rubber in the United States increased from about 375,000 tons in 1927 to 440,000 tons in 1928 and to 470,000 tons in 1929, the figure for the first half of this year will fall considerably lower than for the same time last year, Holt predicted.

This is due, he said, to the surplus of rubber that the world is trying to adjust itself to.

Trick Traffic Light Proves Too Popular

THE NEW traffic light, recently adopted in Cleveland, which automatically turned green at the sound of an automobile horn, had to be discarded because of the noise it created.

Complaining citizens said that there was a continual series of honks and toots all night long under their bedroom windows. Small boys even brought horns without automobiles and honked to watch the light change.

WORKERS ENROLL IN TECHNICAL COURSE

Workers at the Oldsmobile-Viking factories are enrolling in the four-year training course at the General Motors Institute of Technology.

The students alternately study four weeks at the institute, then work a similar period in the factory.

'UNDYING' PUTTY FOUND FOR CARS

Substance Always "Live" and Pliant Now in Use, Says W. M. Little

Dodge Brothers' engineers have created a substance that never "dies," revealed W. M. Little of the Massachusetts Motor Car Co., Dodge dealer. Describing the substance, he said:

"It is a tar-like material called 'dum-dum' putty used in cementing and caking the roof assembly on Dodge closed cars. A somewhat similar compound sprayed from guns is used on the inside of body and door panels as a sound deadener.

"Regardless of weather conditions or age this putty must remain 'live,' plastic, pliant. It must withstand constant exposure to the frigid temperatures of the Far North and the burning suns of the tropics."

for Economical Transportation

IT'S WISE TO CHEVROLET CHOOSE A SIX

Announcing a new production record

2,000,000 Chevrolet Sixes now on the road

Since January, 1929, Chevrolet has produced and sold over 2,000,000 six-cylinder automobiles—nearly five times as many as any other manufacturer has ever built in an equal length of time.

These 2,000,000 buyers have chosen Chevrolet because it offers many desirable qualities not obtainable in any other car so low in price—

—the smoothness, silence and flexibility of a modern six-cylinder engine—the comfort and roadability of a modern, full-length chassis—and the style, safety and distinction of bodies by Fisher.

Yet, despite these fine-car advantages, the Chevrolet Six is unusually economical. Its gas, oil, tire and upkeep economy is unsurpassed. And

The Coach, $565, f. o. b. Flint factory

Modern production methods assure high quality

any model can be bought for a small down payment and easy monthly terms! Come in today. Learn for yourself why two million buyers have agreed—"it's wise to choose a Six."

Some distinguishing features

50-horsepower six-cylinder motor . . . 48-pound crankshaft . . . full-length frame . . . four semi-elliptic springs . . . fully-enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers . . . dash gasoline gauge . . . Fisher hardwood-and-steel body . . . adjustable driver's seat . . . safety gasoline tank in the rear . . . non-glare VV windshield . . . and, for your protection, a new and liberal service policy.

Sport Roadster	$515	Club Sedan	$625	ROADSTER or PHAETON	$495
Coach	$565	Sedan	$675		
Coupe	$565	Special Sedan (4 wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)	$685		
Sport Coupe	$615				

Sedan Delivery	$595	1½ Ton Chassis	$520
Light Delivery Chassis	$365	With Cab	$625
Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440	Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan. Special Equipment Extra	

CHEVROLET SIX

CHEVROLET DEALERS

BOSTON: Commonwealth Chevrolet Co., 949 Commonwealth Ave.
BROOKLINE VILLAGE: Commonwealth Chevrolet Co., 23 Washington St., at Brookline Ave.
ATLANTIC: North Quincy Garage, 151 Hancock St.
CHARLESTOWN: Stanley Harlow Chevrolet Corp., 254 Main St.
CANTON: Morse & Mullin Motor Co., Inc.
CHELSEA: McBride Chevrolet Co., 380-386 Broadway
EAST BOSTON: Warnock Lynch Motors, Inc., 944 Saratoga St.
SOUTH BOSTON: Dailey Chevrolet Co., 604 Broadway
EAST BRAINTREE: Clark & Tabey, Inc.
CAMBRIDGE: Cambridge Motor Co., 277 Massachusetts Ave.
SOMERVILLE: Hodgdon Chevrolet Co., Broadway at Magoun Sq.
EAST WEYMOUTH: Miller Motor Service
NEWTON: Stuart Chevrolet Co., 431 Washington St.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH: Sargent Bros.
HINGHAM: South Shore Chevrolet Co.
SOUTH BRAINTREE: Haskell's Garage
ARLINGTON: Orth Chevrolet Co., 410 Massachusetts Ave.
DORCHESTER: Columbia Chevrolet Co., Inc., 787 Columbia Road (Upham's Corner), and 707 Dudley St.
USED CAR LOT: Southern Artery
NEWTON: Silver Lake Chevrolet Co., 414 Watertown St.
LEXINGTON: F. K. Johnson, 55 Bedford St.
NEEDHAM: Stack & McAdam, Inc.
MEDFORD: Medford Square Chevrolet Co., Inc., Medford Square
WATERTOWN: Daniels Chevrolet Co., 417 Mt. Auburn St.
EAST MILTON: Woodward's Garage, Inc.
ROXBURY: Grove Hall Chevrolet Co., 483 Blue Hill Ave.
MELROSE: Field Motor Sales Co.
WOBURN: Lynch Motor Sales, 40 Winn St.
EVERETT: Molanson Bros., Inc., 97 Chelsea St.
NORWOOD: Fenton's Garage
MATTAPAN: J. J. Delaney, Inc., 1309 Blue Hill Ave.
MALDEN: Frame Motors, Inc., 144 Exchange St.
WALPOLE: Walpole Auto Station, 900 Main St.
WALTHAM: Robert G. Pease, Inc., 702 Main St.
WINTHROP: Gordon G. Fullerton, 98 Putnam St.
WINCHESTER: Frank Murphy, Inc., 748 Main St.
ROSLINDALE: Mt. Hope Motor Sales, Inc., 618 Hyde Park Ave.
WEST ROXBURY: West Roxbury Motor Sales, 1783 Centre St.
READING: Bailey Chevrolet Co.
QUINCY: Washington St. Garage, Inc., 716 Washington St.
LYNN: H. E. Peabrook, 286 Washington St.
WAKEFIELD: Main Street Chevrolet Co.

Among Cars Given a New Price Tag

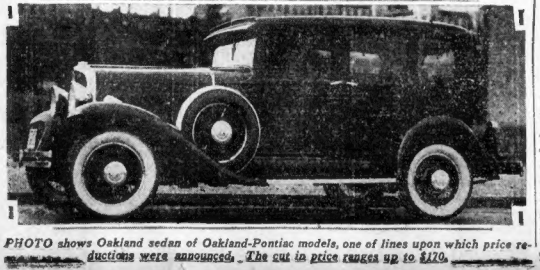


PHOTO shows Oakland sedan of Oakland-Pontiac models, one of lines upon which price reductions were announced. The cut in price ranges up to $170.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the
Boston Sunday Advertiser
Sunday Aug. 17, 1930

Copyright, 1930, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation is Expressly Forbidden.

The Diary of a Lady's Maid

by the Brilliant Satirist Fish

1

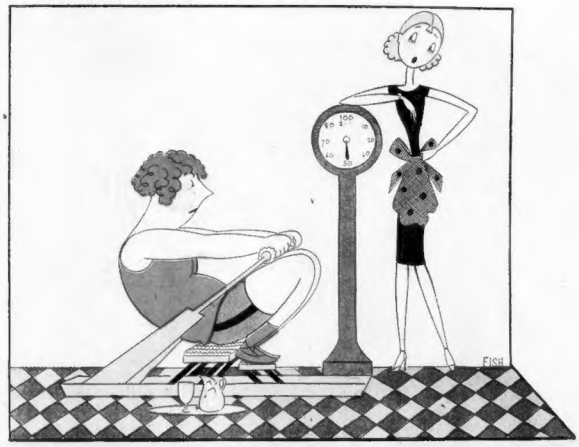
WELL, I've seen my new mistress, her check supplier and her brood. They might be worse, anyway SHE looks as if she could learn—and I'm the little lady who can teach her, too! After two years with Lady Forshay, four with Mrs. van der Golzer in New York, and five months on the Riviera with a movie magnate's sophisticated and ambitious wife, I think I may really consider myself a pretty smart and intelligent person. I may look fluffy, but I've got intellectual IT, if you know what I mean.

2 THE "brood" consists of Jimmie Tumwater—just too collegiate for words; Doris and Vera, debs, who dress like the "Follies" girls, only more so. James Q. Tumwater and Clarabelle Fitz Hugh Tumwater are responsible for this trio. She is the kind of woman who would have nerve enough to claim the entire responsibility. Mr. Tumwater might look like a mere check-signing appendage if it weren't for his smile, his twinkle and his chin. Mrs. Tumwater has decided that they are going to land in "sassiety." She has a chin, too—nearly two. Climbers, gossip-writers call 'em. It may be fun pushing them up the ladder, though, into—Society.

3 MRS. TUMWATER is spending her spare time surrounded by Doris de Brette, Cholly Knickerbocker's social chat column and a whole file of Social Registers. She rings me a dozen times a day to ask questions. She had me nearly crazy tonight, while I was doing her hair, with all she wanted to know! Was it Vincent Astor or Jack Goelet who married Dolly Gann? Who runs Newport? Who has taken over Ward McAllister's position? Is divorce a social asset? Would she pass for 38? I must stop her wearing stripes going around—at least until she does a bit of banting.

4

THERE has been some action already, and not of the kind I had expected. My fair mistress has a foul temper. Her New York campaign started last week when Mrs. Tumwater decided to get a portrait by that dour Dennis Talbot at $5,000 a throw. I accompanied her each time, and after four or five sittings she asked to have a look at the nearly finished picture. Mr. Talbot demurred. She insisted. He shrugged. "Do I look like that?" she fairly shrieked after studying it for about five minutes. Mr. Talbot shrugged. "Well, *that'll* never get me anywhere!" she broke out—and poked her fist through the center of the canvas. I expected the painter to try to stop her. He just remarked, "That'll cost you $5,000, Mrs. Tumwater." In a few minutes she cooled off, smiled wryly, but sportingly wrote the check . . . . . I must watch for her danger signals.



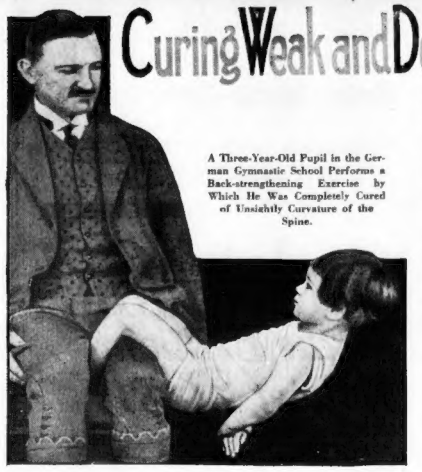
5

WHEN we got back, Mrs. Tumwater said: "Sophie, answer me a straight question. Do I look that—fat?" "No, Madame; but there is a shade of—er, plumpness, in certain—er, places." So now there is a gymnasium installed—"the swellest in Riverside Drive," she ordered—and I spend part of each morning there with my eyes on my watch and count up to two hundred, while she stoically pulls away on the gadget she thinks does her the most good—a stationary sliding rowing machine. I keep a poundage diary. She shades 150 a bit already.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1930, by American Weekly, Inc.

Curing Weak and Deformed Children by Strenuous Gymnastics



A Three-Year-Old Pupil in the German Gymnastic School Performs a Back-strengthening Exercise by Which He Was Completely Cured of Unsightly Curvature of the Spine.

A GROUP of German physicians, backed by funds supplied by a philanthropic millionaire, recently opened a new kind of school on the outskirts of Berlin. Here, in a group of buildings, set in the midst of many acres of rolling fields and wooded hills, youngsters ranging in age from six months to fifteen years, are treated for all kinds of bodily weakness and deformity and at a cost which can be afforded by the poorest families.

There is nothing particularly new in treating deformities by special courses of both passive and active exercise, but the methods of the German institution are much more scientific and complete than any that have been employed up to this time. The doctors are not only highly skilled diagnosticians of the many maladies that children seem to be heir to, but they include specialists in the treatment of malnutrition, bone disorders, paralysis and nervous ills. One of the physicians is a famous physical director who has developed some of the country's greatest athletes. Another studied bloodless surgery in Vienna, and still another has a nation-wide reputation as a masseur.

At the present time the school has about one hundred youthful patients, some of them merely undersized and underdeveloped physically, others hideously deformed by disease or accident. The institution does not accept the hopelessly crippled, but concentrates its efforts on children whom it believes its experts can restore to vigorous health.

Every child is regarded as an individual case and there are no group treatment, unless games and mass gymnastics can be called that. The doctors know exactly what they are trying to correct in each case and they pursue whatever course seems most likely to get results most quickly and safely.

In cases of malnutrition, they first bring the patient more closely to physical normal by massage until the muscles are healthy and pliant. During this time they feed the child only such foods as are rich in nourishment and easily digested. When the youngster is strong enough he is allowed to take mild exercises, which are increased in duration and strenuousness as he improves in health.

Deformed children are first X-rayed to determine just what is wrong in their bony structures and they, too, are first given a regimen of massage which gradually improves their general health while strengthening the tissues about the malformations and making the joints more pliable so that, eventually, they can be straightened and made to function as nature intended.

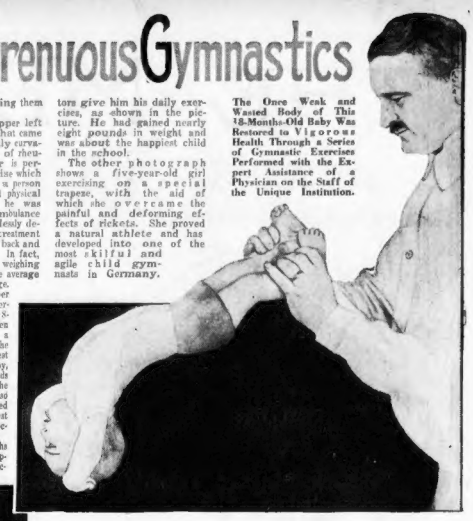
The chief feature of the methods used in the school is, what seems to the layman, strenuous gymnastics, but which the experts in charge insist is never too strenuous for the little bodies. The photographs on this page show some of the pupils in the school being put through the daily routines that are bringing them back to health.

The photograph at the upper left shows a three-year-old child that came to the institution with unsightly curvature of the spine, the result of rheumatic fever. This youngster is performing a back-bending exercise which would be difficult for many a person who considers himself in good physical condition, although when he was brought to the school in an ambulance he seemed pitifully and hopelessly deformed. After six months' treatment this lad has a straight, strong back and is enjoying vigorous health. In fact, he will go back to his parents weighing several pounds more than the average weight for boys of his age.

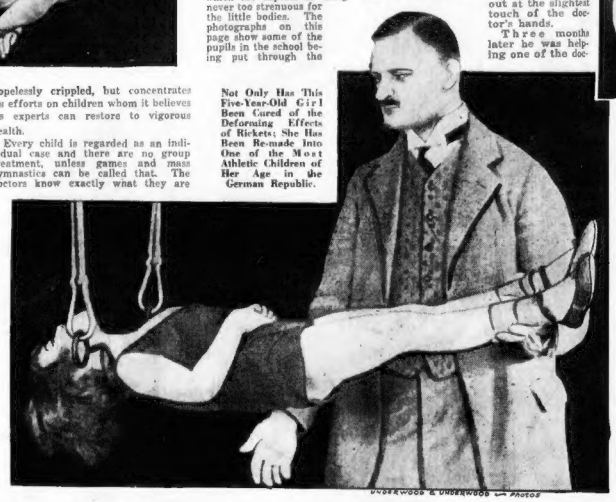
The photograph at the upper right shows an even more interesting case—that of an 18-months-old baby who was given up by his family doctor as a hopeless anaemic lacking the strength to digest the simplest of foods. This child, a boy, weighed less than 18 pounds when he was entered in the Berlin school, and he was so weak and wasted that he cried out at the slightest touch of the doctor's hands.

Three months later he was helping one of the doctors give him his daily exercises, as shown in the picture. He had gained nearly eight pounds in weight and was about the happiest child in the school.

The other photograph shows a five-year-old girl exercising on a special trapeze, with the aid of which she overcame the painful and deforming effects of rickets. She proved a natural athlete and has developed into one of the most skilful and agile child gymnasts in Germany.



The Once Weak and Wasted Body of This 18-Months-Old Baby Was Restored to Vigorous Health Through a Series of Gymnastic Exercises Performed with the Expert Assistance of a Physician on the Staff of the Unique Institution.



Not Only Has This Five-Year-Old Girl Been Cured of the Deforming Effects of Rickets; She Has Been Re-made Into One of the Most Athletic Children of Her Age in the German Republic.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD Photos

Germany's Dry Land Training Ship

ONE of the strangest sights in Germany is a dry-land training ship—a trim, completely equipped square-rigger—which has not had water under its keel for many years. This ship, from which most of the sailors of the country's merchant marine have been graduated in the past few years, is set in the center of a plot of closely cropped grass high above the river at Hamburg-Finkenwarder.

The craft is in command of one of the ablest of German mariners and of a staff of officers highly skilled in the important science of navigation. Every year more than a hundred young men are stationed on the high-and-dry vessel, which they man exactly as though the boat were afloat on the high seas.

Here they are taught to box the compass, heave the lead, furl sail, navigate by compass, sextant and "dead reckoning." Day after day they go aloft to set the sails on the ship's three masts and to reef the canvas quickly against imaginary storms. The hold of the ship, the fo'c'sle, and the after-cabin are fitted up as classrooms and it is in these rooms that the sailors-to-be study and recite and take frequent examinations when they are not actually working in the spars of the ship or on deck.

After several months of intensive training on the dry-land ship, the merchant marine cadets are transferred to a larger vessel and are given an opportunity to apply, on the high seas, the knowledge they gained safe from mountainous seas and screaming winds.

Sometimes the cadets take long cruises in the North Sea and put in occasionally at Scandinavian ports. At other times they sail down the coasts of France and Spain and into the Mediterranean. These cruises usually last several months and when the young men return to Hamburg-Finkenwarder they are bronzed and hardy seamen ready to serve on any of the country's large fleet of merchant ships.

Cadets in the German Merchant Marine School at Hamburg-Finkenwarder Unfurling the Sails of the Dry-Land Training Ship on Which They Get Their Preliminary Instruction in Seamanship. After Spending Several Months on This Trim Craft Set in the Midst of a Well-Kept Lawn They Apply Their Knowledge on a Sea-Going Sailing Vessel.

Long-Haired Beauty Wins Award From Mussolini

WHEN Signorina Tereza Murari, of Milan, entered the nation-wide contest held to find and acclaim the finest head of long hair in Italy, she expected to win the silver cup offered by the promoters of the competition, but she did not dream that this coveted prize would be augmented by an even more valuable recognition of her "crowning glory"—a signed letter of congratulation and commendation from Premier Benito Mussolini.

The victory of the Milanese beauty, however, had to be shared with Signorina Amanda Stoppato, of Rome, whose unshorn locks were judged to be not more beautiful, but exactly as long and lustrous as those of Signorina Murari. The girl from Rome was presented with a duplicate of the silver cup awarded to Signorina Murari and with a letter of praise from the Facisti dictator.

Ever since Mussolini emerged from the welter of social unrest as "The Strong Man of Italy," he has been preaching and, more recently, commanding that the women of Italy shall be feminine and modest. He has discouraged every attempt on the part of the country's feminine citizens to adopt the rather free-and-easy manners and customs of emancipated women in other European countries and, more particularly, in America.

Bobbed hair, in the opinion of the dictator, is unfeminine and, therefore, immodest. Nature intended women to have long hair, and Italian women, no matter what the rest of the world does, should be natural.

Long hair is, in a sense, the badge of femininity, and it is, in the opinion of Mussolini, good for women to be feminine in conduct and appearance. That's why he so enthusiastically endorsed the contest to find the heads with the longest and most beautiful hair.

As soon as he was advised that Signorina Murari, of Milan, and Signorina Stoppato, of Rome, had been acclaimed as the joint winners of a competition in which more than 1,200 long-haired women had entered, he wrote them, complimenting them on their good taste and their splendid example to other women in every part of Italy.

Signorina Tereza Murari, of Milan, Italy, Who Was Awarded a Prize by Premier Mussolini for Setting an Example in Growing Long and Luxuriant Hair.

$1500 Fur Coats for $15.

RABBIT raisers of the British Isles recently delighted the hearts of millions of women and etched wrinkles in the brows of England's fur importers by the almost fabulous announcement that the day is not far off when fur coats, both beautiful and durable, can be bought for as little as $15—coats which have all the qualities now found in garments that retail for $1,500.

There is little mystery connected with the announcement. The $15 fur coat will be made possible by the discovery of a continental rabbit breeder who has, after long experiment, learned how to produce what he calls a "freak" fur on the little rodents.

The British rabbit raisers are not divulging just how the trick is done, but they have revealed that this continental breeder has demonstrated that he can produce rabbit fur which has the quality and the appearance of many of the most beautiful and expensive of animal furs and at small cost.

Within the last year this rabbit-raising Burbank has grown rabbit fur that hardly can be distinguished from ermine, nutria, silver fox and Russian sable. All of these quasi-synthetic furs possess, naturally, the color and markings of the furs they are imitations of and went directly from the rabbit farm to the furriers ready to be made into handsome and comparatively inexpensive garments.

Experts who have examined this revolutionary development in the fur industry have pronounced the product good. It is, they say, a short, thick fur that will not mat and that does not need dyeing or shearing. And it does look almost exactly like the wild animal furs for which it is a practical and admirable substitute.

The discovery of the continental rabbit-breeder—who is a Norwegian—has stimulated rabbit farming in the British Isles to a remarkable degree. Last year England produced only about 150,000 skins, but it is estimated that at least a million of the new skins will be put on the market this year.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Spanked His Wife Soundly in the Public Park

How Mr. Talent, the Missouri "Beauty Expert," Punished Mrs. Talent for Wearing Men's Clothes—and Then Divorced Her Because She Didn't Wear ANY at All

One of the Photographs Snapped of Mrs. Talent During Her Unconventional Bathing Trips, but Showing More Clothes Than the One Upon Which the Judge Gave Mr. Talent His Decree.

The Day That Mrs. Talent Got Her Public Spanking, She Had Thoughtfully Left Her Men's Clothes Somewhere Else and Was Going Home in Her Own. But Mr. Talent Knew What She Had Been Doing. "I warned you!" He said, and Seized Her, Sat Down on a Park Bench, Stretched Her Over His Knee and, Lifting Her Skirt, Proceeded to Give Her a Good, Old-Fashioned Spanking, While the Delighted and Grinning Loiterers in the Square Looked On.

Mrs. Roe Talent, Spanked for Wearing Men's Clothes and Divorced for Wearing None.

Miss Mayme Hatfield, Attractive Secretary of Dr. Talent, Because of Whom Mrs. Talent Hit Her Husband With a Sabre.

Dr. Roe Talent, Who Had So Much Trouble Over His Wife's Clothes and Lack of Them.

AS women have been heard to lament the high cost of keeping beautiful, it might seem that the owner of a "beauty shoppe" would make a highly desirable husband because his wife could drop in any time and help herself to the most expensive treatments and materials free.

The very pretty blonde who married Mr. Roe Talent of Bell City, Missouri, acted on that plausible theory, only to find it all wrong. She says:

"A beauty expert makes a most undesirable husband. He knows too much about women in general and beauty in particular. He is an authority in things where the wife should be the sole authority."

Mr. Talent enforced his authority, too, by spanking his wife right on the public square because she wore the wrong kind of clothes, and finally divorced her because he saw a photograph of Mrs. Talent wearing no clothes at all.

They had met in his shoppe where she had come as a customer and caught the appraising eye of its boss. She could not but be flattered when that gentleman insisted on attending to her himself, explaining that when such a ravishingly beautiful person honored the place he personally liked to see that justice was done to her possibilities. He bossed her, but ah, how nicely it was done! Mr. Talent admitted that for ordinarily good-looking women what she had ordered was just the thing, but her exquisite features and figure justified this and that and the other thing reserved for real beauties of the first water.

Putting it that way inspired confidence and she let the nice man do as he pleased, though she noted that the cash register rang up about ten dollars more than she had meant to spend. But from the day they were engaged it rang up only the dismal words "NO SALE."

In fact she seemed to own the shoppe! What would it be like when she married its boss?

It would be quite different, as she discovered when they returned from the honeymoon and as a bride she pranced into the place during the noon rush hour. The husband's eyes did not light with the old-time gleam. He pointed with a henna-stained thumb to the row of waiting customers and said:

"We're busy now, darling. Come back around three o'clock when the women are all at the matinees."

Never had he said that before. Always he had put her ahead of everyone, which was half the fun of it for her. The bride naturally called this change for the worse to her husband's attention, but he was in a strictly-business frame of mind and answered hastily:

"You wouldn't have me turn down real money, would you? We can't pay the rent with dead heads."

He had called that lovely, perfect blonde head of hers that he had praised so often "a dead head!"

With her nose in the air, she swept out and did not return at all that day. When her husband came home for supper she waited for a contrite apology. Instead he thanked her.

"Glad you stayed away. We had all we could handle today."

She could see it all, at last. His darling wife was a dead head, a nuisance, a business liability. It finally got so she had to wait till his secretary, the annoyingly pretty Miss Mayme Hatfield, telephoned, so Mrs. Talent alleges:

"Mr. Talent says you may come over now."

She grew to dislike that secretary and suspected that the feeling was mutual. When Mrs. Talent was permitted to receive attentions at the shoppe's convenience, not hers, there were other new and disagreeable features. She still could take away creams, powders, lip-sticks and various bottled beautifiers, but now her husband had unwelcome suggestions to make.

"Dearest, don't take that. The other is the same stuff and only costs half as much, wholesale."

When Mrs. Talent stood on her wifely "gimme" rights, insisting on that brand or none, he would compromise by dusting off a bottle from the rear of the shelf, explaining that it was only slightly shop-worn and fly-specked and the contents as good as ever. Perhaps they were, but if she must always take imitations or damaged goods what was the fun of being the proprietor's wife?

On finally getting into a chair for treatments or a hair cut, another change became noticeable. Instead of "buttering her up" with flattery, the boss told her candid truths of the sort only one's own family should have the nerve to utter. Such conversation as this occurred:

"You can't have your hair cut like that."

"Why not? You just gave Mrs. Nigabaum one and told her she was irresistible."

"Sure, but consider the head she has. Yours would look like a croquet mallet."

That remark practically ruined Mrs. Talent's peace of mind. As long as she lived, it would make her conscious of the shape of her head and now she was aware that Mr. Talent no longer considered her perfect. Next time she entered the shoppe, Mrs. Talent took one look and went right out again, speechless with fury. The pretty secretary was displaying the very style of bob which her husband had refused her. She knew in her heart that the "hateful thing" had heard that conversation.

This expert criticism was hard enough to bear in the shoppe, but when it entered the home and touched on the vital subject of clothes, that was too much, and in the end broke up the home. Every time she came in radiant in a new bonnet or dress, the husband spoiled it for her by proving that it did not suit her face or figure. The worst of it was, he always turned out to be dreadfully right. Soon she hated every article of clothing she owned. Brooding over this sad situation put a curious idea into her mind.

One day when Mr. Talent came home he was confronted with his wife dressed not only in man's clothes, but the uniform of a policeman. She playfully pretended to arrest him.

"For Heaven's sake!" he protested, looking her up and down gloomily.

"Well, you've made me hate all my clothes and I've often heard you say how much better looking men's are anyway—so I hope you are satisfied," she explained in one breath.

"They are better looking," agreed the beauty expert, "but only for men. A woman in male clothes merely looks like a mishapen man. Take 'em off and I'll try to forget it."

Mrs. Talent, however, persisted in masculine attire until Mr. Talent warned her that if he ever caught her dressed that way again he would do something to her she would never forget. Something told Mrs. Talent that she had better not let this happen, and yet she did not want to obey her husband, either.

Therefore she wore male apparel during the day frequently, but changed into feminine before the head of the house returned. He never caught her in the act, but he heard stories, and one day some mean person telephoned that she was "wearing 'em right in the public square."

Leaving an assistant to rescue his customer from a permanent wave, he dashed out. His lady was not there, but he learned from the janitor of the courthouse that she had been loitering around in what he described as something between the uniforms of a fireman and a cop. Mr. Talent was angry and waited in the hope she would return for the band concert. She did, but clad in conventional feminine garb and grinning impudently. In a crisis Mr. Talent is a man of few words.

"I warned you!" he said, and seizing his wife, he sat down on the very bench where, in happier days, she had sat upon his knee. This time he turned her over his knee, lifted her skirts and proceeded to spank her on the part of her anatomy which this unexpected unveiling revealed. It was a long, hard spanking and the only protection was a small, pink silken undergarment.

Like a small boy, in the old woodshed days, the lady screamed and kicked. Astonished faces stared at the spectacle, but no man interfered, though exhorted to do so by a woman, who cried:

"Are you going to let that man strike a woman?"

"He isn't striking her. He's only spanking her, and maybe she deserves it," answered an ungallant man. "Go get a policeman if you don't like it."

Before the policeman arrived Mr. Talent had finished and gone home. So had Mrs. Talent, very red in the face. A lawyer advised her that while it was undoubtedly assault and battery, the court would take into consideration the provocation. She had impersonated a man, which was not so much, but she had also impersonated a fireman, which was more serious, and a policeman, which was a heinous offense. He advised her to forget it.

Forget being spanked in the public eye? Not much. Mrs. Talent thought of the secretary who had "stolen her hair cut" and possibly stolen her husband's affections. One evening, after hours, she found her husband and the secretary alone in the shoppe. Mrs. Talent says that he was giving her a facial massage with his lips, but both deny that anything of the kind was going on.

At any rate, the angry wife seized a sabre from the wall, scabbard and all, and beat her husband with it. About the third blow landed on his head, sending him down and out. Then Mrs. Talent turned her attentions to the other woman, but did not actually strike her. For 20 minutes she told the secretary what she thought of her, silencing every attempt at answer with a menacing sabre-swing. When the lecture was over the lecturer departed and Mr. Talent rose from the floor to consult a lawyer.

The lawyer said it was assault and battery with a deadly weapon, but that the court would take into consideration that he had spanked her in the public eye. He advised him to forget it.

Neither of the Talents took their lawyers' advice, but for some months continued to live under the same roof, in a condition of watchful waiting, like a cat and dog. Then something happened to give Hubby the whip hand again.

Once more it was the matter of clothes, this time the absence of them. William J. Cruise and Hermann Bottomer, farmers living in the vicinity of the pool, passing along the highway beside Three-mile Creek saw a beautiful lady standing in the water, unattired.

Being from Missouri and thinking their eyes deceived them, they went down to the creek and, sure enough, the lovely apparition was real.

When the nymph saw them she made for the covering bushes in a hurry. But the farmers must have talked, for somebody else came down to the place one day and hid in the bushes on the other side of the pool. At first she did not entirely disrobe, but he took a picture. Then she slipped off her sole garment. He took another. It appears the pictures had a considerable circulation in town, and ultimately, of course, Mr. Talent heard of them. When he beheld them, there was no mistaking his wife.

Mrs. Talent protested against her husband's objection to her wearing men's attire.

"I think it is my right to wear what I please," she said. "I do not pretend to tell him what he should wear and shouldn't. I don't care if he puts on a dress. So why must I give in to him? The advantages of wearing male attire, as I see the matter, lies in the freedom of the limbs, and trousers are considerably better than a dress that is always blowing up around your knees and causing men to strain their eyes.

"Who set the pattern for us, anyhow? And that was so long ago that those stylists who prescribed the thousand and one petticoats, not to mention the long pantalets that fastened around the ankles, concealing all the beauty of these, set their feet down and marked out for us a line hard to follow. What did they know about today? They didn't see what was coming. They couldn't have seen it as it is. Therefore, I do not feel myself bound by convention to be a slave to an insane idea."

Armed with that "Exhibit A," he won an uncontested divorce on the ground of cruel and barbarous treatment and indignities no husband could be expected to submit to. As for Mrs. Talent, she went straight to Hollywood.

© 1926, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"Dead" Husband Turned Up to Spoil Her Breach of Promise Suit

And Case That Looked Like Victory for the "Widow" Rouzee Ended in Free-for-All Battle in Crowded Courtroom

SELDOM, if ever, have the good folk of Fremont, Neb., been thrilled by a sensation like that that brought to a startlingly dramatic close the breach of promise suit in which Mrs. Charles G. Rouzee, supposed widow, demanded $25,000 worth of heart balm from James M. Rice, a wealthy oil man.

Just as it was beginning to look as though the Widow Rouzee might get at least a healthy portion of the $25,000, if not all of it, J. C. Cook, counsel for the defense, rose dramatically from his chair beneath the bar of justice and asked Mrs. Rouzee what at first seemed several silly and irrelevant questions.

"How long have you been a widow?" asked Mr. Cook.

"Mr. Rouzee disappeared seventeen years ago," replied the plaintiff, "and he was killed in a railroad accident sixteen years ago."

"Do you remember what your late husband looked like?" inquired the lawyer.

"Of course," replied the mystified woman. "I remember him just as though it was yesterday when he left."

"Would you know him if you saw him this minute," was the attorney's next amazing question, to which Mrs. Rouzee naturally replied in the affirmative, adding, with emphasis, that she didn't see the point of these questions when her husband had long since gone to his reward, if any.

Lawyer Cook swung around to face the crowded courtroom. He spread his arms wide and called in a loud voice, "Charles G. Rouzee, come forth!"

There was a commotion in the rear of the room, and a man walked slowly down the aisle toward the judge's bench. The Widow Rouzee's eyes all but popped out of her head, her jaw fell and her face blanched.

"That man is not my husband," she screamed. "I never saw him before."

James M. Rice, the Wealthy Freemont, Neb., Oil Operator, Who Walked Out of Court Without Any Claims Against Him When the Supposedly Dead Husband of His Ex-Fiancee Appeared, Like a Ghost, at the Damage Suit Trial.

And then the second and most violent act of the strange, macabre drama went on. Czarney Rouzee, husky, six-foot son of the woman and the living ghost moving between the dumbfounded rows of gaping spectators, leaped from his chair and drove a chunky fist into the face of the apparition.

Mrs. Grace Schlesselman, Sister of the Plaintiff, Whose Testimony For Her Relative Proved Worthless When Her Brother-in-Law Came Back to Life.

Mrs. Grace Schlesselman, sister of Mrs. Rouzee, let out what sounded like a war whoop, and lunged at Lawyer Cook. In fleeing from her he ran smack into the plaintiff herself, who stopped him with a solid clout on the nose that sent him spinning against a table. Then the assailant contributed to the din by uttering one ear-splitting scream and falling in what was supposed to be a dead faint.

Thought Dead for Sixteen Years, Charles G. Rouzee Resurrected Himself Just When His Supposed Widow's Chances of Collecting $35,000 Seemed Brightest.

Bailiffs rushed in to stop the battle just as the judge retreated to the safety of his private chambers. One of the bailiffs emerged from the fray with a black eye, but he locked up young Rouzee, who was not released until the judge, having been informed that order had been restored, came back to his bench and dismissed the suit. He had been assured, in the privacy of his chambers, that the Charles Rouzee produced by Attorney Cook was indeed the "widow's" spouse, which, of course, made it impossible for Mrs. Rouzee to sue anyone, including Oil Man Rice, for breach of promise.

Unfortunately for Herself and Son, Mrs. Rouzee Discovered She Was Not a Widow, and to Show Her Disappointment She Proceeded to Wreck the Courtroom When Her Hopes of Collecting Damages From Mr. Rice Went Glimmering.

Mr. Cook, it seems, had learned that Rouzee was very much alive and working in Kansas City. He found him there and fetched him home as a quick and definite way of winning the case for his wealthy client.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away, Mrs. Rouzee took her loss of a sweetheart and, perhaps, $35,000 rather philosophically. "But," she said, "I got one good smack at that lawyer who brought that good-for-nothing husband of mine back, and that's something."

As he was again leaving his home town to return to his job in Kansas City, Mr. Rouzee explained that he had played dead in the hope of finding peace. "Eva," he added, "hasn't changed at all. No, apparently, she's the same old Eva."

The Government's Interesting Experiments to Save the Vanishing Spiny Lobster

THE Fisheries Service of the Federal Government keeps a sharp eye on the many species of food fishes and crustaceans that inhabit the waters of the coast and the country's principal rivers and lakes. When it appears that some species, prized as a table delicacy, is being wiped out by overfishing, the depredations of other creatures, or for any other reason, the Government goes about the job of helping that species to survive.

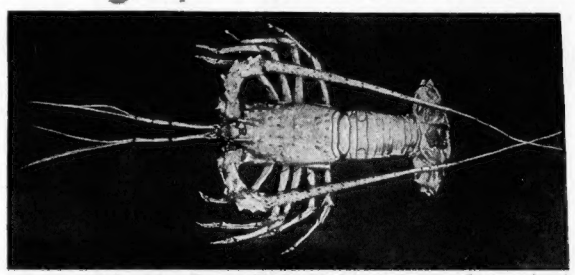
At the present time the men of the Fisheries Service are making a determined and seemingly successful attempt to save the so-called spiny lobster from extinction, the result of many years of overfishing from the Carolinas down to the Florida Keys. The so-called true lobster is not found farther south than the Carolinas and the spiny lobster is highly prized by inhabitants of the Southern States.

After having learned that the spiny lobster is fast disappearing because so many egg-bearing females have been caught and sold in the market, the Government began a series of interesting experiments at its biological station in Key West.

A scow was converted into a floating hatchery capable of breeding enough spiny lobsters over a period of years to re-establish the crustacean all along the Southern coast.

Hundreds of female spiny lobsters were caught and put in siphon jars set up on the broad deck of the scow. Above these jars a 250-gallon tank was installed and a motor pump keeps the tank filled with cold sea water, which circulates through all the jars, thus keeping the lobsters halthy because they live in their natural element.

At the proper time the egg-masses are removed from the females — each of them lays between 500,000 and 700,000 at a spawning — and put in other jars through which sea water continually flows. In these jars many millions of lobster "fry" have been successfully hatched and when three days' old "planted" back in the sea, many of them to grow up and, of course, eventually be caught and eaten.



A Specimen of the Spiny Lobster, Threatened With Extinction Unless the Government Experiments Succeed in Saving It.

These "fry" are not planted in still water or shallows, but are liberated where there is a strong current, so that they will be less a prey for fishes that find the tiny lobsters good eating. Of course, several hundred thousand of every million "fry" never live to maturity, because they are gobbled up by larger creatures of the sea or die for one of many reasons. However, the floating hatchery should be able to stock the Southern seaboard with an increasing number of the vanishing crustacean.

The spiny lobster, which is a cousin of the true lobster found all along the Atlantic Coast from the Carolinas to Canada, resembles an oversize crawfish as much as it does a lobster and is related to a similar creature whose habitat is the Southern Pacific coast. The eggs the female of the species produces are a bright coral red and are produced in great numbers. Scientists have observed that the spiny lobster lays approximately ten times as many eggs at a spawning as the true lobster.

Along with its experiments to save the spiny lobster, the Fisheries Service biological station at Key West is making an interesting and apparently successful atempt to hatch stone crabs, a crustacean much bigger than the justly famous and very edible blue crabs of the Chesapeake. The stone crab has four or five times as much meat as the blue crab and this meat has a lobster-like flavor highly esteemed by epicures.

The method of hatching stone crabs is much the same as that being used for the spiny lobster and Fisheries Service officials are confident that the Southern seaboard soon will be populated with enough of both these crustaceans to more than meet the demands of an active market.

England's Trolley Car Apartments for Summer Vacationists

ONE of the strangest and most interesting Summer colonies in the world is to be found in a large field beside the Epping-Harlow Road in Essex, England. The "houses," which dot the field are really not houses at all but trolley cars that have outgrown their usefulness on the crowded streets of London.

The photographs at the bottom of the page show a family enjoying a vacation in one of these commodious vehicles which, as can be seen, has a downstairs and upstairs like any Summer home. The interior of the car, in which many thousands of persons must have ridden during the years the vehicle was in service, provides an attractive and comfortable dining room. When mealtime is over the table is removed and the place becomes a living-room.

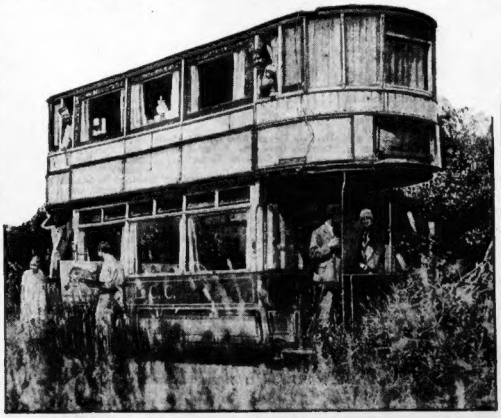
In most cases, the owners of the one-time trolley cars use the upper deck as sleeping quarters and the conductor's platform at the rear of the car as a kitchen. This makes it unnecessary to use any of the interior of the car as a commissary department.

The colony on the Epping-Harlow Road originally consisted of a single trolley-car house, but as the street railway companies put more double-decked cars out of service by replacing them with new and more efficient cars, the settlement grew. The trolleys have long since paid for themselves in transporting passengers to all parts of London, so the price of one of these odd houses is surprisingly low, much less than that of a cottage of the same size.

The residents of the Essex Summer colony are quite as proud of their homes as though they were mansions and most of the cars have been painted in bright colors to make them attractive and preserve them from the effects of the weather. In every case the wheels have been removed so that the cars can rest on solid foundations.

Some of the car homes are surrounded by well-kept lawns ornamented with plantings of trees, shrubs and gay flower gardens. Here and there, an owner with an especial liking for flowers has beautified the ground about his car with a small formal garden, bird baths and rustic seats.

Dining Room in the Novel Trolley-Car Country Home, With Plenty of Room for an Entire Family.



The Trolley Car Apartment House on Epping-Harlow Road, Essex, England.

The Conductor's Platform Is Used as a Kitchen, Porch and Front Stoop.

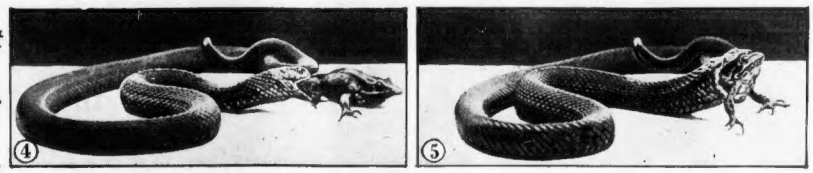
© 1930 by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Why a Snake Is "Bigger Inside Than He Is Outside"

Photographic Record of the Silent Tragedy of the Careless Frog Overtaken and Swallowed Alive by Its Reptilian Enemy.

1—The Frog Thoughtlessly Hops Across the Line of Vision of a Snake. 2—Frog Suddenly Discovers Advancing Snake. 3—Frog Turning Just Too Late, the Snake Seizes One Hind Leg.

Science Makes Interesting Discoveries About the Slippery, Silent but Very Efficient Serpent, Why Some Kinds Must Poison Their Food Before Eating It, Why the Gluttonous Python Swallows Pigs Whole and Dasypeltis Goes to Such Pains Not to Crack a Hen's Egg Until After He Has Swallowed It



4—Anchoring Himself by Drawing Up the Back of His Body, the Snake Starts to Draw the Frog Into His Mouth.

5—Into the Snake's Distended Jaws the Unfortunate Frog Begins to Disappear Down the Snake's Expanded Throat.

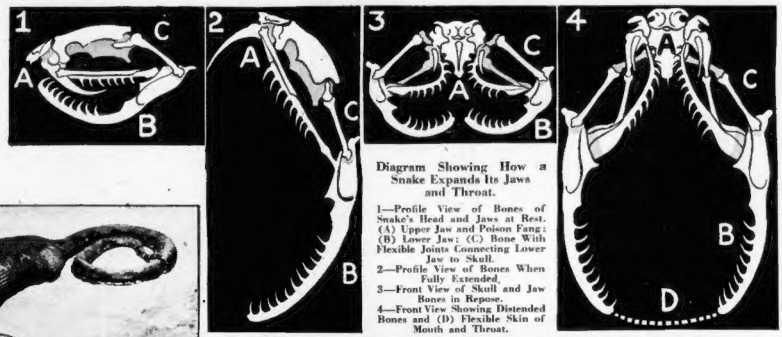


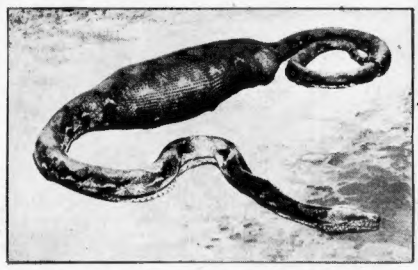
Diagram Showing How a Snake Expands Its Jaws and Throat.

1—Profile View of Bones of Snake's Head and Jaws at Rest. (A) Upper Jaw and Poison Fang; (B) Lower Jaw; (C) Bone With Flexible Joints Connecting Lower Jaw to Skull.
2—Profile View of Bones When Fully Extended.
3—Front View of Skull and Jaw Bones in Repose.
4—Front View Showing Distended Bones and (D) Flexible Skin of Mouth and Throat.

NEXT to man himself, no living creature, perhaps, has been more interesting and more puzzling than the snake. In the popular mind and to the scientists, reptiles have been a perpetual subject of mystery, terror and fantastic, legendary history.

In the very earliest part of the Old Testament narrative of the Creation the serpent plays a leading role along with Adam and Eve and the Creator Himself. And right here began a mystery which has never been thoroughly explained—if the serpent was condemned to hereafter "upon thy belly shalt thou go," then how, up to that time, had the serpent managed to get about in the Garden of Eden?

There is a horrible fascination about the snake, with his silent, stealthy movements and his poisonous fangs. And it is not surprising that down through the ages have come fearful and extraordinary stories of reptiles on land and sea. Many of these unusual beliefs have been patiently exploded by scientific research. The old school books explained that the hoop snake was given its name because it could take the end of its tail in its mouth and roll itself away from danger, like a hoop. Careful investigation shows that this is not true.



Photograph of a Python Showing How Its Jaws and Throat Have Stretched to Allow the Passage of a Young Pig.

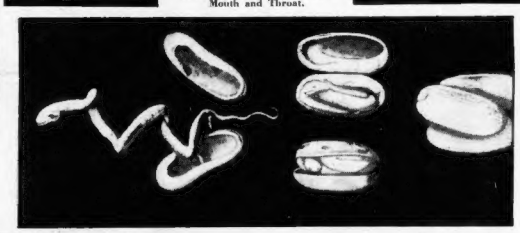
On the other hand, the stories in the mythologies about sea serpents, which have been laughed at in modern times, are now known to be at least partly true. There were and probably still are ocean reptiles of considerable size.

That a snake is "bigger inside than he is outside" is really true and science is able to explain how the snake is able to stretch its jaws, expand its throat and swallow an object many times bigger than its own head.

The snake did not learn this bit of "magic" for the fun of it or to amuse the children—it was from dire necessity. Most snakes would starve to death without that accomplishment. A lion, wolf, dog or other of the well-known carnivorous, warm-blooded animals have powerful jaws, equipped with teeth arranged for rending, cutting and chewing as well as inflicting a death-wound. The snake lacks these things, nor has he any lips to keep his mouth watertight, to prevent morsels of food and liquids from dropping out, even if he could chew. Also he lacks paws and claws to hold his prey while tearing out chunks suitable for swallowing as his fellow-reptile, the turtle, can do.

With such a primitive sort of face, hardly better than that of his close ancestor, the fish, the snake must swallow his prey whole or not at all. To make things worse Nature came as near as possible to designing him as a "one-dimension" animal, all length but very little height and width. Adding still further to his complications, most snakes do not eat often, the big constrictors think about once in two weeks is enough, but when they do eat they "eat hearty."

The snake has trained himself for these long gaps between meals because he is a slow-moving creature that must hide patiently in the grass or rocks till something comes within reach, which usually does not happen for a long time. With these handicaps it is easy to see that a boa constrictor, no bigger around than an automobile tire, must be able to open up his small countenance, no larger than that of a moderate sized dog, wide enough to let in a whole pig, unchewed, and he does that very thing. With him it is "whole hog or none." Smaller snakes possess the same expansive power in proportion to size.



Pathetic Photograph of a Tragedy in the Animal World—the Piteous, Helpless Rat Held in the Coils of a Boa-Constrictor Which Slowly Crushes It to Death.

Snake's Eggs Revealing Young Snakes in Various Conditions of Being Hatched.

In Africa lives Dasypeltis, a little snake charged with stealing hens' eggs and swallowing them whole. With a good lawyer that serpent might convince a jury that he could not possibly be guilty. The reptile is rarely four feet long, and by no stretch of the imagination could anything bigger than a robin's egg enter his narrow jaws. However, it is not the imagination that stretches, but the jaws. Dasypeltis has the snake facility of distending his lower jaw and expanding his throat like an inner tube. Slowly and gently he forces the elastic jaws around the egg and eases it down the throat.

Except for a few small ones at the extreme rear, this snake's mouth is free of teeth and during the swallowing process he is careful not to let any of them puncture the shell. The egg passes beyond the head and sticks for a moment at the very narrowest point of the throat which bulges almost to the bursting point. Suddenly the swelling collapses and, a few moments later, the crushed fragments of the shell are disgorged. Every drop of the egg's contents has gone into the stomach.

This breaking of the egg in the throat is accomplished by a special series of teeth which project from the spinal vertebrae of the neck. The reason Dasypeltis goes to all this trouble and discomfort instead of breaking the egg outside and eating its fluid contents is because that would be impossible. A snake has no lips and therefore cannot suck in the fluids of a broken egg, nor is its thin, forked tongue adapted for licking them up like that of a cat or dog. An egg broken outside the snake would be a total loss and one broken in its mouth almost as bad. This nest-robber is not a very intelligent snake because it frequently swallows china nest eggs with fatal results.

An egg makes no resistance to the swallowing process but full-grown animals are not so obliging and have to be thoroughly killed before it is attempted. The constrictors do this by winding their coils around the victim and crushing the life out of it. With other snakes this is a serious problem and many of the non-constrictors that prey on nimble and swift animals like rabbits, squirrels, rats and birds have developed poison fangs for this reason rather than for defense against enemies.

Often the snake gets the chance to strike just once at a squirrel and then sees it escape from the rather weak serpent jaws and up a tree. But if with that stroke went an injection of venom, the snake calmly waits at the bottom of the tree and presently the victim comes tumbling down to him in a dying condition. Some of the cases of alleged bird, rabbit and squirrel "charming" are believed to be no more than the working of snake poison in their veins.

The poison method has reached its highest development in snakes like the "black spitting cobra," of South Africa, which does not need to actually strike its prey to catch it. Lying motionless and hidden, all but the small head, this cobra spits a fine stream of venom, with deadly accuracy, at the eyes of anything that strays within fifteen feet. Blinded and in agony, the unfortunate animal dashes around in circles until it comes within reach of the cobra, which then delivers the fang-stroke, and soon all is over but the eating. Snakes are very particular to swallow their meals head first. This is an important bit of table manners, because it prevents claws from catching in the reptile's gullet. But with small slippery animals, like frogs, they sometimes swallow them as they come.

Most snakes are not only sluggish, but do their best to avoid trouble with man. The rattler sounds his warning, and the deadly moccasin prefers to hide and restrain his bad temper, even when a careless foot tramps within inches of his coils. But, at times, when the young have just been born, snakes are likely to take the aggressive if one blunders too near their home. Even the non-poisonous black snake sometimes plunges into the water and sends a party of bathers shrieking to the safety of their tents.

An exception to this general rule of tolerance is the African mamba. This vicious serpent lies in branches overhanging natural paths of the jungle and launches itself on man and other animals too big to be eaten, gives a lightning-quick stroke of the fangs and is off and hidden in the underbrush usually before it can be seen. The mamba's venom kills a man in about fifteen minutes and science is still working to concoct an antidote for it.

The real facts about snakes are sufficiently remarkable without inventing such yarns as the one about the "hoop snake," which many still believe seizes its tail in its mouth and rolls down hill to escape its enemies or pursue naughty children. Why that yarn was concocted is not clear, but the slander against the milk snake was probably an alibi to cover the work of some human milk thief. The milk snake has long been accused of sucking the milk from the udders of cows and killed on suspicion.

Having no lips, no snake could do anything of the kind and this particular one, though harmless, happens to have needle-like teeth in the front of its mouth which would cause the cow to plunge and stamp, trampling the snake to death or at least making any attempt at milking impossible. It is suspected that some farmer boy who had been prematurely milking the cow in the pasture gave that explanation to the angry farmer to account for an occasional shortage in her milk. The farmer's reaction was to take a day off and kill every milk snake he could find, only to wonder later why mice were worse than usual that year.

The serpent's gluttonous ambition to devour things bigger than itself sometimes gets the reptile into trouble. The python of the tropics is frequently watched by natives until it has caught and killed a young pig and is well started on the swallowing process. In this condition the great snake can neither disgorge its victim nor make much speed in escaping, and therefore is easily killed. The thrifty natives then remove the pig and roast it for their supper.

Snakes never seem to suffer indigestion from swallowing things whole. Any living creature that can be squeezed down the gullet is digested by the stomach, though it takes time. The python, had he not been disturbed, would have gone away and dozed for a fortnight while it took care of the pig.

Since so many snakes are really deadly, it is not surprising that some of the most defenseless ones take advantage of the general reputation to go through life on sheer bluff. The American hog-nosed snake or puff adder has built up for itself the fable that it has deadly fangs, a blood-thirsty disposition and the ability to blow poisonous breath in an enemy's face. As a matter of fact it is non-poisonous and refuses to bite even when attacked. A more harmless creature never lived. The "hog-nose," with its broad, flattened head, of the typical poisonous shape, with a slightly up-turned snout, is a dangerous-looking object even in repose.

At the approach of an adversary the reptile spreads its jaws, making the head grow in size. The lungs fill with air, causing the forward part of the body to become twice its normal diameter and the forward third rises from the ground. Giving forth loud hisses, the "hog-nose" opens its mouth wide and with the forked tongue flickering in and out, makes savage-looking lunges, long before the enemy is within reach. Altogether it is a more alarming spectacle than an angry rattlesnake or cobra of the same size, enough to make the average person run for his life.

Yet it is all bluff. According to Karl P. Schmidt, Assistant Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians at the Field Museum, Chicago, if one approaches closer the hissing and lunging become fiercer but the snake is careful to avoid striking the hand that reaches for it. If the "hog-nose" is firmly grasped or hurt with a stick, it knows that this particular bluff has been called and resorts to another. It plays dead, rolling onto its back and lying motionless. As often as one turns the "hog-nose" right side up he reverses himself. Left undisturbed for a few minutes, the head cautiously rises and peers around and, if it sees nothing moving, the shammer rights himself and sneaks away. At the slightest motion, over he goes on his back again to continue "playing 'possum."

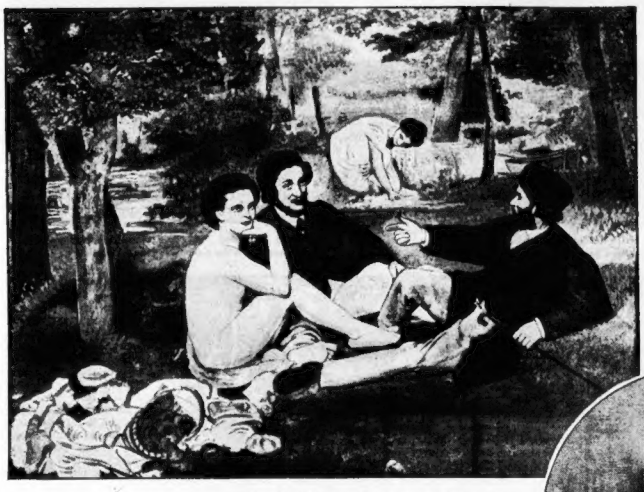
Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, of the New York Zoological Park, probably the greatest authority on reptiles in the world, believes that snakes in the U. S. A. are as numerous as ever, but they have learned to keep out of the public eye. When automobiles were scarce it was common to find bodies of snakes crushed by the tires, but now that the highways are crowded with cars, this sight has become more rare. Snakes have learned to nose their way along the side of the highways till they find a culvert, permitting them to cross underneath.

Automobile picnic parties bring city dwellers to all sorts of remote and wild spots. Here men in low shoes, women in gauzy stockings and slippers, and bare-legged children scramble fearlessly about, undoubtedly coming within inches of the rattler, the moccasin, the copperhead, the coral snake and other species with death in their fangs. That so few are bitten is due to the growing wisdom of the serpent which withholds his stroke unless actually touched.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

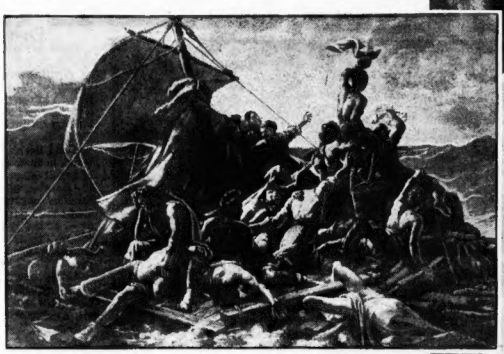
International Exhibition of Trouble-Making Pictures

Great Paintings That Have Caused Controversies, Riots, Duels and Scandals, to Be Assembled in Paris From All Countries of the Civilized World

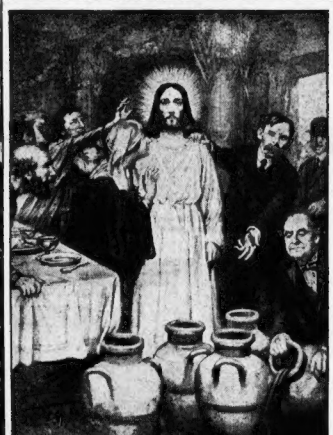


Edouard Manet's Celebrated Work, "The Picnic," Which Raised a Riot in Paris Because It Showed the Clothed and the Unclothed in Company.

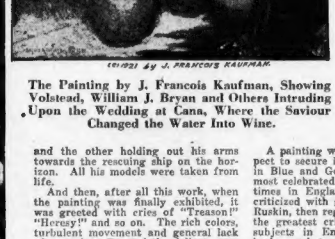
"The Masked Lady," by Henri Gervex, Which Led an Excited Duke to Slap the Artist.



"The Raft of the Medusa," by Gericault, That Caused a Disturbance Because It Was a Departure From the Classical School of Painting.



Hans Memling's Masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," Which Was Stolen by Pirates and Caused Strife Between Nations.



COPYRIGHT BY J. FRANCOIS KAUFMAN.

The Painting by J. Francois Kaufman, Showing Volstead, William J. Bryan and Others Intruding Upon the Wedding at Cana, Where the Saviour Changed the Water Into Wine.

PARIS, August 8.

EVER since the French Revolution Frenchmen have had furious quarrels over new works of art. The French are, of course, more interested in art than in anything else except feminine beauty, and it is natural that they should fight about both.

With the revolutionary upheaval and disturbance of old traditions, daring artists began to advance new ideas and new methods of painting. Those trained in the old schools fought for the methods they had practiced. In the early nineteenth century the adherents of the old classical school and the new romantic school fought one another all over the streets of Paris, using mahlaticks and even more dangerous weapons. Later the romantics and the newer impressionists took up the fight, and similar feuds have continued to the present day, when Cubists, Futurists, Dadaists and others cover one another with paint and sarcasm.

The warfare has often extended to subjects incidental to the mere painting of pictures. Twenty years ago 50,000 soldiers were called out to keep order in Paris, because a Parisian artist's model had gone to the Quat'-z'-Arts ball dressed like one of Nebuchadnezzar's wives in Rochegrosse's "Fall of Babylon"—that is to say, dressed in her skin. The secretary of the ball and the model were prosecuted, and the artists resented this as an invasion of artistic liberty. The number of artists who protested and their fighting ability astonished the world and necessitated the great display of military power mentioned.

In view of this long history of artistic warfare, some of the leading artists of Paris have organized a loan exhibition of pictures that have led to fights and have figured in strange adventures. Under this head will be included pictures that have caused riots, duels, lawsuits and scandals. The pictures will be brought from all parts of the world, but the great majority will be French.

One of the most interesting artistic disputes of recent years arose over the picture in the Salon of a lovely woman by Gervex, wearing only a mask. She was a very alluring person, of generous but superbly formed figure. The mask which covered the face permitted one to see that she was a blonde, but otherwise little could be seen of her features.

It was assumed at first by the general public that an artist's model had posed for the picture, but soon the report became current that the original was a well-known and beautiful society woman, Madame du Gast, famed as a daring sportswoman.

The Duke de Talleyrand, now the husband of Anna Gould, who was a friend of Madame du Gast, is said to have slapped the artist's face for his lack of discretion. The affair was the talk of Paris for some weeks, but on account of its extreme delicacy it was left veiled in considerable mystery.

One picture to be shown at the exposition caused a hot controversy in America that is not ended yet. It is called "Father, Forgive Them, for They Know Not What They Do," by J. Francois Kaufman. It shows Andrew Volstead and William J. Bryan raiding "The Marriage at Cana," where the Saviour changed the water into wine, and throwing away the drink which He had miraculously provided. The secretary of the Society of Independent Artists, which first exhibited this picture in New York, was fined $10 in a police court for blasphemy for displaying it, but the decision was reversed by a higher court.

The most furious battles arose over the pictures of Edouard Manet, the father of the impressionistic school. The war reached its height when he exhibited his "Olympia." This shows a nude woman reclining on a couch behind which is seen a negress carrying a bunch of flowers. A black cat at her feet emphasizes the whiteness of the sheet on which the woman lies. A champion of more conventional styles of painting deliberately spat upon the picture, whereupon a supporter of Manet hit him in the eye. Parisians of both sides joined in the fight, and the police were called to restore peace and closed the gallery temporarily. "Olympia" now hangs in the Louvre, an acknowledged masterpiece.

Manet submitted a work called "The Picnic" to the Salon in 1863, and it was rejected by the judges along with a good many other pictures. Such an outcry was raised by the authors of the rejected paintings that Napoleon III. decided that these new works should be exhibited separately. Thus, the Exhibition of the Rejected was started. It evolved in about ten years into the present Exhibition of the Independents.

When the exhibition opened Manet's painting aroused such great indignation that for a while he figured as a political criminal. His action in permitting such a picture to be shown was considered an offence against the state. A duke of ancient family met the painter in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and smacked his face as an enemy of France. Rioting occurred in the Palace of Industry, where the exhibition was held, and over night Manet found himself the most talked of painter in Paris.

"The Picnic," or, to give it its French title, "Le dejeuner sur l'herbe," presents three men and a woman seated on the grass in the foreground of a pastoral scene. Its unconventionality lies in the fact that while the men are fully clothed, the woman is nude. Had Manet clothed all four, or, for that matter, unclothed them, nothing probably would have been said. The abrupt contrast of clothes and nakedness was too much for the Parisians.

Gericault's famous painting, "The Raft of the Medusa," had some years before created a furor equal in amount if somewhat different in quality, from that caused by Manet's picture. In this case the scandal resulted from the painter's revolt against what were considered the traditions of French art, academic rather than moral. For years under the dominance of the painter David and his school the subject matter of paintings was painfully limited. Classical subjects were the vogue. If a painter wished to treat anything else his only chance of avoiding artistic ostracism was to handle it in a rigid and sculpturesque manner. Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa" was the declaration of independence which put an end to this tyranny.

The drama of a recent shipwreck, at the time the talk of Paris, seized upon Gericault's imagination, and he determined to make it the subject of a painting. He spent months in collecting his material. He found the carpenter of the wrecked Medusa and induced him to make a model of the famous raft by which the survivors were saved. He spent days in hospitals studying the effects of illness and suffering. He persuaded two of the surviving officers of the ship to give him sittings, and painted one leaning against the mast and the other holding out his arms towards the rescuing ship on the horizon. All his models were taken from life.

And then, after all this work, when the painting was finally exhibited, it was greeted with cries of "Treason!" "Heresy!" and so on. The rich colors, turbulent movement and general lack of restraint affronted the delicate sensibilities of David's followers.

The pictures will be of an extraordinarily varied character. Many sacred paintings will be shown. Hans Memling's sublime "Last Judgment" is on the way from Danzig on the Baltic Sea, while Rogier van der Weyden's "Descent from the Cross" has been dispatched from the great Palace of the Escurial, near Madrid, by order of the King of Spain.

These grand old masters have an extraordinary history. Memling's "Last Judgment" adorned a church in the Belgian city of Bruges until 1473. It was bought by an Italian prince for a church in Florence. The ship in which it was forwarded was captured in the English Channel by pirates, who took it to Germany. The pirate captain, who appreciated a fine sacred painting, finally sold it to the city of Danzig. The King of France declared that it was an outrage against art by Danzig to buy the plunder of a pirate, and the Pope threatened the captain with ex-communication.

But the city of Danzig held on to it until 1815. Then, after the downfall of Napoleon, Prussia carried it away to Berlin. Danzig, a very powerful city at the time, threatened war against Prussia and got it back.

Van der Weyden's "Descent from the Cross" was one of the ancient pictures most treasured by the burghers of Flanders. To their intense indignation, the Regent Maria, who was governing the province, sent the picture away to her relatives in Spain. The masterpiece was sunk in a storm in the Bay of Biscay, but, thanks to superb packing, was fished up uninjured. Taking this picture away from Flanders was one of the causes of several fierce rebellions, and had some share in the formation of the Kingdom of Belgium, of which Flanders is part.

A painting which the organizers expect to secure is Whistler's "Nocturne in Blue and Gold," which caused the most celebrated art dispute of modern times in England. This picture was criticized with great severity by John Ruskin, then regarded as far and away the greatest critic and writer on art subjects in England. A fierce war broke out between writer and artist, in which the latter won a victory and injured Ruskin's prestige permanently. Ruskin wrote of Whistler as "a clown who had the audacity to ask $1,000 for one of his pictures." The critic dwelt on Whistler's extraordinary vanity. Concerning the painting mentioned, he said: "A coxcomb throws a paint pot into the face of the public and calls it a 'Nocturne in Blue and Gold.'"

Whistler brought a libel suit against Ruskin, and on the witness-stand covered him with ridicule by his brilliant and sarcastic answers. Ruskin's lawyer asked Whistler how long he had worked on the "Nocturne," to which he replied, "A day—about a day." Then he added, "I may have given it a stroke or two of the brush here and there on the following morning. So if I say I worked two days on the picture, I am probably correct."

"Two days!" exclaimed the lawyer. "And you dare to ask two hundred guineas for two days' work?"

To this Whistler gave his crushing answer: "I ask two hundred guineas for the experience of my entire life!"

Ruskin was condemned to pay nominal damages, but the controversial victory won by Whistler was of far more importance.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Lady Ribblesdale's Murder Party

The Empty Chair at the Dinner, the Body of the Missing Guest With a Dagger in Her Breast, the Duke's Compromising Cigarette—the Latest Thing in Thrills to Amuse London's Bored Aristocracy

The Duke of Marlborough, to Whom the Clues Pointed as "the Slayer" of Mrs. James.

At the Shocked Dinner Guests Clustered About the Room, Staring at the Body on the Bed, Lady Ribblesdale Waited Until Their Nerves Were at the Point of Breaking, and Then Suddenly Gave a Signal and in Came an Entirely Unconcerned Butler With a Tray of Cocktails.

"I think one of these will revive the corpse, Lady Ribblesdale to the Duke of Marlborough. Had His Hostess Gone Suddenly Crazy? But the Duke Leaned Over the Body and, to His Amazement, Saw a Smile Dawn Upon the "Corpse's" Face, and She Reached Up, and Sure Enough the Cocktail Had Brought Her Back to Life! Not Till Then Did They Realise That It Had All Been a Hoax to Provide Them With a Truly Extraordinary Thrill.

Fashionable Mrs. Arthur James, Who Posed as the Corpse at the "Murder Party."

Lady Ribblesdale, Formerly Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Who Started the Fashion of "Murder Parties" to Relieve the Boredom of London's Fashionable Set.

LONDON, Aug. 9.

"MURDER!"

The twenty-five guests of Lady Ribblesdale, formerly Mrs. John Jacob Astor, stared aghast through the door of one of the many beautiful bedrooms of her mansion in Mayfair, at a motionless form on the bed.

It was the body of the missing guest, the attractive Mrs. Arthur James, who was Miss Zita Jungman before her marriage to a descendant of the historic Duke of Wellington, conqueror of Napoleon at Waterloo.

From her breast projected the jewelled hilt of a silver stiletto and a crimson stream had flowed down the side of her evening gown to form a pool on the silken coverlet.

"Telephone the police!" One of the guests had found his voice.

"Wait!" said the commanding tones of the hostess. "One of us committed this crime, and before the police are brought in, let up find out for ourselves and make him confess."

"Why?" asked the Duke of Marlborough. Lady Ribblesdale gave him such a long and piercing look before she replied that everyone else stared also and the Duke became uneasy and annoyed under their glances.

"Because," the hostess said sternly, "I see a letter under the corner of the bed and perhaps there is other evidence which may drag innocent parties into this dreadful thing that has happened under my roof. If we can wring a confession from the guilty man or woman, it should be enough for the authorities.

"I want everyone of you to step into the room while we make a thorough search. Do not go near the body. That must not be touched until the police inspectors arrive, that is if we can help it."

Slowly the disconcerted men and women, so merry a few moments before, filed in and then one of the ladies announced that she was going to faint. Lady Ribblesdale pointed to a chair for her and turning to the butler who had followed them upstairs from the dining room ordered him to bring cocktails at once.

"They are here, your ladyship," replied that perfect servant, entering with a tray full of assorted kinds. The guests snatched for the first glass that came to hand, gulping its contents down without caring what kind it was. The Duke of Marlborough eyed the butler suspiciously.

"A perfect servant?" he muttered. "Too —— perfect."

The butler's hands were the only ones that did not shake, and his the only face that did not turn pale as he looked at that pitiful form on the bed. Others noticed this and their thoughts ran back to the fact there had been a slowly growing premonition of evil at Lady Ribblesdale's party. In the first place the dinner had been unaccountably late, for which the hostess had offered no apology, and when at last they sat down, it was soon noticed that there was an empty chair. However, nobody mentioned it at first.

Lady Ribblesdale's house is noted as one of the most perfect examples of modern interiors in London. Its harmony of French, rather than English styles, makes a charming background for the hostess whose fame for beautiful clothes and wonderful gems is known in three capitals and two continents. A score of London's fashionables were dining there, among them a duke, a baronet, several knights and ladies. The food and wine were perfect, the conversation sparkling, everything just right, except that unexplained empty chair.

Finally someone's curiosity stirred her up to asking the hostess, who silenced her with an evasive answer and the dinner went on for a while. But that question was now teasing everyone's mind and acting as a noticeable damper on the gayety. At length the Duke of Marlborough himself, being the most important personage present, cleared his throat and, during a pause, asked Lady Ribblesdale point blank whom this empty chair was for. This time the question could not very well be dodged.

The missing guest was the lovely and popular Mrs. Arthur James, and the hostess confessed her annoyance that she should be so late, without sending word. Someone suggested that there might have been a traffic accident which prompted Lady Ribblesdale to order the butler to have her social secretary telephone Mrs. James' residence.

The butler's reply caused astonishment. He informed his mistress that Mrs. James was in the house, that she had been one of the first guests to arrive and that he was quite sure she had not gone away. Mystification and alarm were reflected in the features of the hostess.

"Send someone upstairs at once, to see where she is," commanded Lady Ribblesdale. "No, I will go myself, if you will excuse me."

The men stood in troubled silence as their hostess left the dining room. A buzz of anxious whispers started but stopped as she reappeared at the door.

"This is very strange," she said. "On second thought I am going to ask you all to come with me."

So twenty-five of Mayfair's highest society notables trooped up the great staircase behind her ladyship. Nobody noticed that in the rear followed the butler and, at his orders, a footman, carrying a great silver tray of cocktails. Door after door was opened to reveal only empty rooms. Then the hostess' hand recoiled from the nob of the next one. On her fingers was something red and sticky.

"The thirteenth door," she said with a hysterical laugh. It was in that thirteenth room that they found Mrs. James.

Hardly had the assemblage, with shaking hands, returned the cocktail glasses to the butler than the Duke suggested:

"Don't you think we ought to see if there are any *signs of life*?"

"Signs of life," repeated the hostess, "with a dagger through her heart?"

The lady who had threatened to faint but, sustained by a drink and a chair, had changed her mind, spoke up again:

"Please have someone pull that dagger out. I can't bear to look at it."

"I forbid it!" replied Lady Ribblesdale. "The authorities would be very angry and hold me responsible. There may be fingerprints on the hilt. Let us see what is in that letter on the floor."

The letter was read aloud and proved to be a threatening one from Sir "Baffles" Milbanke hinting at one of those familiar triangles that keep the divorce courts busy.

"A forgery!" he cried. "I never wrote such a thing."

Yet the signature did look like his own. The Duke appeared relieved but gallantly came to his rescue with the assurance that nobody believed it and that a handwriting expert would quickly exonerate him. Several other letters were found in the murdered woman's wrist bag. These were a bit vague and signed only by initials, but they intimated the taking of drugs and the doing of other compromising things in words that made several present feel that they were under suspicion. There were promissory notes from Lady Colfax and a loaded revolver bearing her initials which caused much excited conversation.

The most startling discovery was the work of Mr. Gordon Leith, who pointed to a thin line of smoke rising from a jade ash tray. Therein lay a half-burned cigarette and an inch of undisturbed ash.

"That ought to give us some idea of how long ago the crime was committed," he suggested, "and who smoked it—the murderer or the victim?"

The voice of Miss Elsa Maxwell was heard, calm and authoritative.

"As regards that matter, I see that it bears no trace of rouge, therefore Mrs. James probably did not smoke it and look, what is this? A Bond Street address and a coat of arms. Let every man produce his cigarette case."

This was done and beyond any doubt the incriminating "weed" was the same as those in the gold-crested case of the Duke of Marlborough. Again there was a silence while all eyes turned upon that important personage. It was certainly up to him to explain.

"I say, this is too much!" he protested and then fixed a penetrating gaze on Miss Maxwell. It was an accusing stare and finally he spoke straight at her:

"Miss Maxwell, this looks like one of your conspiracies. I have heard that you have done things like this before."

The lady addressed returned his gaze with one of injured innocence for a moment and then the corners of her mouth began to twitch. Perhaps she was going to have hysterics. The Duke strode to the motionless form on the bed.

"Don't touch that body!" Lady Ribblesdale warned.

The Duke of Marlborough did not touch it.

Then, as the shocked dinner guests clustered about the room staring at the body on the bed, Lady Ribblesdale waited until their nerves were at the point of breaking. She suddenly called for the cocktails.

"I think one of these will revive the corpse. Give her one, Duke!" said Lady Ribblesdale to the Duke of Marlborough.

Had his hostess gone suddenly crazy?

But the Duke leaned over the body and, to his amazement, saw a smile dawn upon the "corpse's" face, and she reached up, and sure enough the cocktail had brought her back to life!

Not till then did they realize that it had all been a hoax to provide them with a truly extraordinary thrill.

Miss Maxwell, who plans unique entertainments for society, then confessed that she had contrived this little diversion, and Mrs. James removed the dagger from her heart.

It was not really in her heart nor was it a real dagger but a trick one, furnished by a theatrical supply store. The hilt was held in place by a harness under the dress. Nevertheless, the hunt for clues went on until at the end Mr. Michael Herbert was declared the winning detective on points. The guests then returned to the dining room and sitting as a grand jury, but more comfortably, and with a glass in their hands they returned an indictment of "guilty" against the Duke.

The "Mayfair murder" started an epidemic of week-end mysteries all over England until now they may be said to have taken the place of treasure hunts, masquerades and pajama parties in relieving the boredom of high society.

It is no longer possible, as Lady Ribblesdale did, for a hostess to give her company the illusion that a real crime has been perpetrated, because everyone comes expecting something of the kind. In fact, it is reported that when three masked figures, guns in hand, burst in on a gay dinner party recently, one of the diners laughed and pulled aside the mask of the nearest intruder only to be knocked senseless with a blackjack.

The strangers happened, in this case, to be real criminals and they were there on business! The guests received a genuine thrill but rather an expensive one.

The usual method is to let the guests draw slips of paper, all of which are blank except two. One of these is marked "D," signifying that this guest is to be the detective and ferret out the crime. The other is marked "M" for murderer. Nobody reveals what is on his slip.

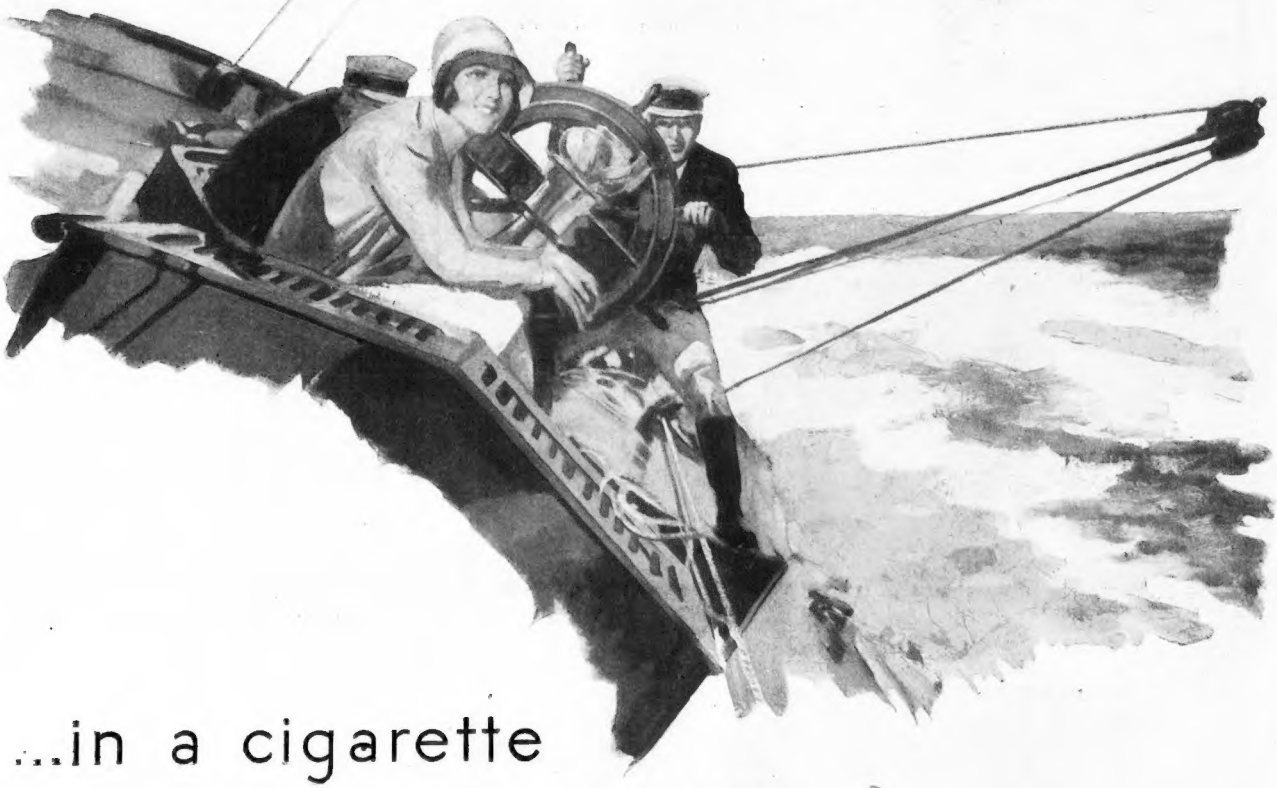
The guests are then distributed over the house and for a few moments the lights are turned out. The person who had drawn the fatal M hides himself during the dark period in finding and "murdering" any lady or gentleman he pleases. The "corpse" must remain "dead" and, of course, tell no tales.

When the lights go on the "detective" takes charge and questions the other guests, who must reply truthfully except the "murderer," who does his best to conceal his crime. The victim usually is expected to start the hunt by uttering one blood-curdling shriek.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

...at the helm it's

HANDLING!



...in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

SPARKLING, spicy, fresh!—the familiar pleasure of Chesterfield smokers—taken for granted, as a good cigarette should be, because it is unfailingly *there!*

• • •

Better tobaccos do it. Such mildness and flavor require the costliest leaf — and one thing more: Chesterfield's blend. The partnership is matchless; the result—what every smoker wants in a cigarette—*better* taste and milder too!

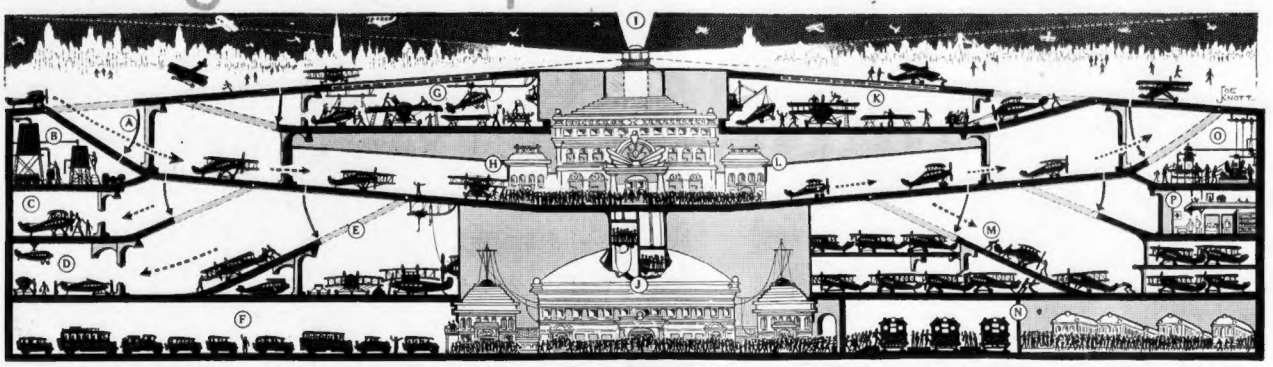
"MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

© 1930, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Underground Airports For Future Air Traffic



The Proposed Subterranean Terminals Doing Away With the Primitive, Dangerous Nuisances of the Present Day Flying Fields.

IF airplane travel is to be developed to its logical efficiency, aeronautical experts agree that something extraordinary must be done to improve America's airports. Landing fields of today, in comparison to the planes that utilize them, are inadequate and primitive. Air passengers find every comfort in the air and nothing but discomfort in getting to and from the planes that carry them.

Airport construction has been standing still while aviation has been advancing. No one realizes this more than the air lines themselves. And they admit they must do something now to care for the passenger on the ground as well as in the air; that modern terminals must be built regardless of expense; indeed, they are already consulting architects for devising ports that will provide the same conveniences and accommodations that a passenger enjoys when traveling by rail or ship.

Several plans already proposed call for subterranean structures in the heart of metropolitan areas instead of open fields in rural or suburban sections—structures that would surpass in grandeur such buildings as the Grand Central Terminal in New York City; landing ports on municipal waterfronts, picturesque fields on the crests of mountains, and even underground concourses beneath massive concrete cones, such as only imaginative novelists, several years back, pictured with a smile.

The air lines themselves cover the country like a huge web, and provide speedy and comfortable travel. Routes and schedules are worked out with astonishing efficiency, but once the traveler is down on the ground again, he is confronted with many hardships. In the first place, he finds himself usually twenty miles from the city to which he wants to go. There is no roof over his head. The remote airports are nothing more than large fields, swirling with choking dust, kicked up by landing or taxi-ing airplanes. They can be reached only by automobile or bus, and usually the passenger just alighted must ride over dusty, bumpy roads to get to a railroad or car line. The fields are noisy, often crowded with spectators, and are certainly a disfigurement to the landscape with their low, squatty hangars and dingy shops. A man walking across any present-day air field might be killed any minute by a plane out of control. Collisions of airplanes are frequent. Parked automobiles crowd the exits, blinding lights paralyze the eyes at night, and to those who live in the localities, the fields are not only a nuisance, but often a menace. Hardly a week passes at any of these places without such an incident as happened recently on Long Island, when a plane fell and wrecked a farmhouse.

Residents around the fields lose sleep at night because of the din of roaring motors, both in the air and on the highways. In many cities the officials are continually receiving complaints of such annoying conditions.

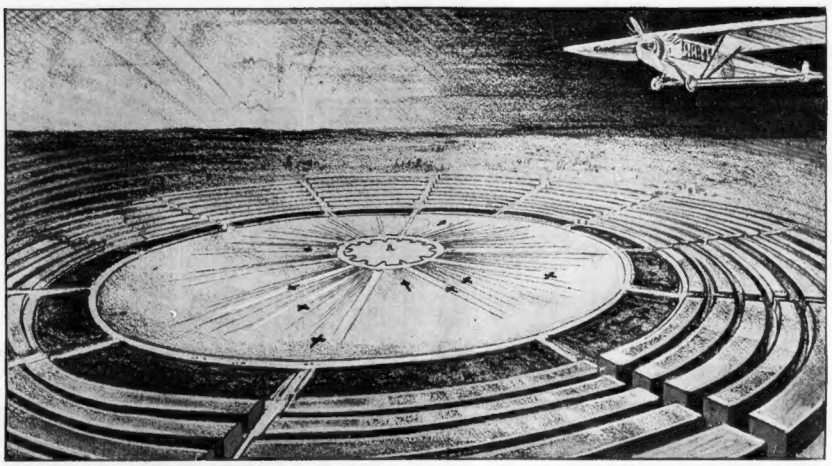
The trouble is, of course, that the ordinary airports of today are merely hastily constructed landing places, rushed to completion to meet travel demands that have hopelessly outpaced them. If they provided accommodations equal to those offered by railroads, thousands of additional patrons would be induced to resort to flying instead of riding in stuffy coaches. It is a discouraging fact that nearly every field in the country is surfaced with earth, which is powdered into blinding dust by bounding planes, and churned about by propellers until the visibility is so affected that the places are unsafe.

One of the most interesting and practical of the airport plans suggested to the aviation companies, is shown in two of the illustrations on this page. The large diagrammatic drawing and the sketch of the same proposed terminal as it would appear to the flier, were designed by Harvey Wiley Corbett and Francis Keally, two American architects who enjoy international fame.

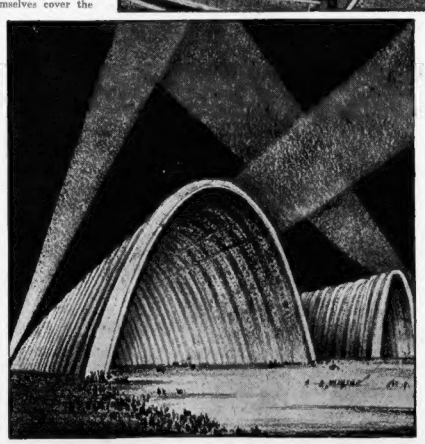
An interesting thing about this plan is that it is everything that the flying field of today is not. It is conceived as a vast center of transportation, which burrows deep into the earth, possessing various subterranean levels, over which spreads a smooth, curved and circular concrete surface on which planes may land or take off. In the oughly sheltered, disembark, and proceed to an elevator, while the ship is moved to a repair shop for retuning. The trapdoors through which the ship is let down, when closed, are flush with the surface of the disk. When they are open they become part of the ramp itself.

Departing planes leave the shop, taxi to the passengers' waiting compartment, and, with the travelers aboard, move to the ramp and thence to the outside, where the grading of the disk is conducive to an easy and safe take-off. All the trapdoors would be operated by dispatchers in the observation and signal tower, from which the beacon shines.

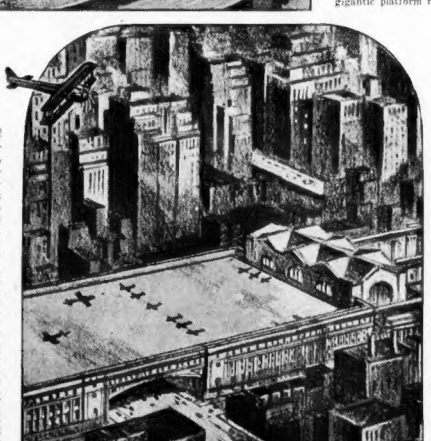
On the level of the terminal below the actual station, subways would be provided for motor traffic, subway trains, and even railroad connections. The street entrances and exits of these rail outlets would be so far beyond the actual limits of the airport that no congestion to surface traffic would result.



Diagrammatic View of the Metropolitan Airport of the Future, as Conceived by Harvey Wiley Corbett and Francis Keally, Two Well-known American Architects. Planes Landing on the Conical Surface of the Field Will Enter the Underground Station Through Trap Doors (A), Which Are Part of the Surface of the Field, but Become Ramps When Opened. (B) Shows One of the Fueling Rooms, (C) an Inspection Room, and (D) a Paint Shop. One of the Huge Underground Hangars Is Indicated by (E); a Tunnel for Motor Traffic Is Shown by (F), and a Completely Equipped Repair Shop by (G). The Terminal Building Itself (H) Is Just Beneath the Field's One Signal and Observation Tower (I). From Which All the Trap-door Ramps Scattered About the Huge Field Are Operated. (J) Indicates the Elevators in Which Passengers Are Carried Between the Station and the Lower Level With Its Automobile Highway and Train Tracks. (K) Shows a Repair Shop and (L) One of the Ramps by Which Planes Depart From the Terminal (the Trap Door Above the Plane Shown in the Picture Is Not Yet Open). (M) Shows Another of the Underground Hangars, (N) the Shed for Subway and Trunk Line Trains, (O) a Machine Shop and (P) a Hospital. The Terminal Building Plan Includes Restaurants, Stores and Waiting Rooms Not Shown in the Sketch.



At D'Orly, France, These Gigantic Hangars Are Already in Use, Presaging Even More Ambitious Structures in the Near Future. Huge Tri-motored Passenger and Freight Planes Arrive and Depart From This Terminal Daily With the Precision of Express Trains.



This Airport, Suggested to Give New York a Flying Field Within Its Metropolitan Area, Would Stretch Westward From Pennsylvania Station Nearly to the Hudson River, and Would Be a Terminal for Passenger, Mail and Freight Traffic.

Sketch Showing How the Circular Air Terminal of the Future Would Appear to the Pilot and Passengers of a Plane Approaching It. The Area Is Merely Indicated by Curved Blocks of Graduated Height the Buildings That Would Surround the Airport in the Heart of the City.

This type of airport was designed, of course, for a metropolitan center. Passengers would not be obliged to travel farther than railroad patrons to get to and from the planes.

Mr. Corbett believes that a century hence the business sections of cities will be built around airports, and railroad and subway lines will burrow their way to these places. On the various levels travelers, or even ordinary pedestrians, will find stores, restaurants and hotel accommodations. There will also be baggage rooms, which present fields lack. At all times the traveler will be sheltered. Today an air traveler cannot escape a storm.

It is the idea of the architects that all buildings surrounding the airport should be constructed in what they term "zoned-tier" formation. This means that the buildings nearest the rim of the big disk will be one or two stories high, buildings two blocks removed three or four stories, and so on, so that ample space will be allowed for planes to dip and rise. Their plan also calls for an ultra-modern airmail post office. At the present time most of the mail coming into and leaving New York has to be carried by truck to New Jersey or Long Island and loaded aboard the plane. The architects include in their plan pneumatic tubes through which mailbags would be sent scurrying to the airport from the collection centers.

These tubes would underlie all of the levels. They would lead to loading rooms, where a corps of clerks would see that they went on the proper planes and were thus routed correctly and quickly.

Other plans proposed by Mr. Keally include one for an air mail terminal in the shape of a huge platform atop steamship piers on the Hudson River. The platform, designed to be larger than many existing airports, would accommodate only mail airplanes now coming from and going to suburban airports. Mail from the post office collection centers would be shot through tubes to this platform for loading. The time saved by having post office planes deliver these bags to the present airports would be the difference between the speed of a lumbering truck, halted frequently by traffic, and the speed of a plane unhindered.

Mr. Keally offers also another plan for an airport in the center of New York. This would take the form of a gigantic platform running from Pennsylvania Station westward across Eighth Avenue and Ninth Avenue, almost to the brink of the Hudson River. The platform would be placed across rooftops and would, of course, pass directly over the main post office, and make it possible to receive and dispatch air mail directly from the post office building instead of using the pneumatic tubes. Freight and passengers would also be handled from this platform.

These plans concern only the end-of-the-line terminals. The architects also have provided plans for stop-off ports, where passengers may change routes, rest and refresh themselves, and where the machines could be refueled, repaired, and shunted to cross routes, and pilots exchanged. These ports would consist of concrete cones, or even wooden platforms, lighted by floodlights and beacons, and built on flattened-off mountain tops. At each of these ports there would, of course, be waiting rooms, rest rooms, and in many cases large hotels for those who find it necessary to rest between hops.

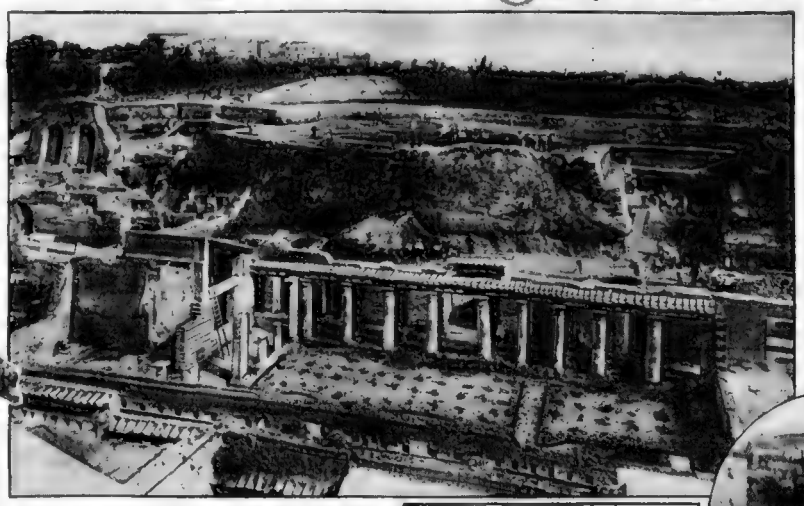
These plans, naturally, seem fantastic to the layman. They impress the ordinary person as weird and fictional. Underground chambers, actual series atop mountains, vast concrete disks, gleaming in the sunlight and glaring with artificial light at night—all these things provide a picturesque vision, but to engineers and aeronautical executives these things are pressing necessities.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Interesting New Discoveries in

Mosaic Floors, Wall F… Household Outfitti… Boudoir or Salon, Personal Belongin… in the Excavated… as They Were C… When the Mud … Vesuvius Bu…

A Small Table in Pink Marble Supported by a Single Column Against Which a Statuette of Paris Leans. This Was Found in One of the Houses Recently Excavated in Herculaneum, and Has Been Cleaned and Put Back in Place Just as It Stood 2,000 Years Ago.



View of a Section of the New Excavations in Herculaneum. In the Foreground Is the Peristyle of the "Papyrus Villa," Where 1,800 Parchment Scrolls Were Found. In the Distance Can Be Seen the Rebuilt Houses of the Modern Italian Village of Resina, Which Had Grown Up Over Old Herculaneum and Had to Be Removed.

© 1930 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

ROME.

THE great work of excavating the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii is at last approaching an end.

The excavation of Herculaneum, which was only made possible by modern engineering methods, was to have been completed in April of this year, but it has been necessary to defer it somewhat. Although Pompeii has long been familiar to the traveling public, many new discoveries have recently been made there, and it will be a far more interesting sight than it was a year or twenty years ago.

When these cities, which were buried in the same fateful eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D., were first revealed to the modern world, the method followed was to carry away the best things recovered and exhibit them in museums.

Now the idea is not to rob the ruins, but to carefully preserve them and keep everything as it was, so that visitors can see things in their proper place and enjoy a view of the ancient cities very much as they were.

Herculaneum was the favorite resort of Roman patricians and millionaires, resembling Newport in some respects. Pompeii was a city of commerce and a pleasure resort for poorer people, a sort of Coney Island in fact. The interest of Herculaneum lies mostly in the splendid palaces, the noble theatres and libraries, the exquisitely wrought silver drinking vessels and plate, the manuscripts and works of art that are to be found there.

The appeal of Pompeii, on the other hand, is due rather to the often amusing revelations of popular life in ancient times, which the excavations afford. The buildings and pictures brought to light for many years have proved that the ancient Pompeiians enjoyed what some Americans would call a very good time, undisturbed by Puritanical laws of any kind.

It is just this side of Pompeiian life, which is mainly illustrated by the latest excavations carried out at the ancient site by the archeologists of the National Museum at Naples. A whole new quarter, devoted mainly to commerce, has been unearthed. Pompeii was a populous city, having probably over 30,000 inhabitants, who were packed rather closely together in the narrow streets, although they enjoyed many comforts amusements and luxuries furnished in abundance—taverns, theatres, circuses and stores.

The new quarter helps scholars to understand how the prosperous merchants of Pompeii lived and amused themselves. It is situated in the upper part of the Street of Abundance, part of which has been known to the investigators for some years. Its name suggests that it was a pleasant locality. One part of it was mainly given up to wine shops, and, indeed, one could hardly go a hundred feet without finding one of these places.

"The new quarter," writes Professor Halbherr, one of the experts working on the spot, "consists of high houses of three or four floors, where merchants and bankers, such as the well-known Cecilius Jucundus Cornelius Tages, for instance, had their homes and their offices, and where work and business formed the occupations of everyday life.

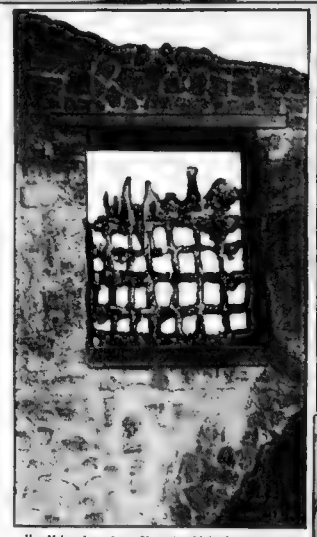
"Long rows of factories, shops and tabernae (meaning both stalls and taverns) were found on both sides of the street, as in the recently discovered bazaar in the Forum of Trajan at Rome."

Tages was an extraordinary man, a miser and a millionaire, who had risen from a peasant to be the greatest banker in Pompeii.

Everything about the house testifies to his love of money and self-indulgence. A colossal ash-barrel in heavy lead and in a perfect state of preservation bears reproductions of the coins of the day, a clear demonstration of its master's love of money.

Adjoining the official residence of Mr. Tages was a delightful small garden. Here was his private reception room, in which interest of about 200 per cent was charged, perhaps the room in which the courtesans of the day called to bestow their smiles on the almighty banker and ask for a loan.

At Herculaneum, on the other hand, has been found the house of an oil merchant exactly as it stood two thousand years ago. Charred beams on which a balcony rested stick through a wall onto the street, just as the modern iron beams of an unfinished building do. The glass case which is put around the wooden ceiling beams or over each step of a carbonized wooden staircase allows the visitor to see everything plainly.



How Molten Lava from Vesuvius Melted Part of the Iron Grating of a Window in One of Old Herculaneum's Buildings.

The original excavation of Herculaneum was begun in 1720, and had to be carried on by digging deep shafts and tunnels, because the city was buried under sixty feet of volcanic mud. Finally the work had to be abandoned because a large part of the modern city of Resina lay over the spot. Under Mussolini this was removed to another site. The mud which buried Herculaneum had the effect of preserving the houses, furniture and art treasures of the city perfectly, whereas Pompeii was covered with a mass of light ashes, which permitted destruction by fire and water.

One of the most interesting of the newly found Pompeiian houses is called "the Villa of the Mysteries," on account of the strange paintings on the walls. This house is described by learned archeologists as a place devoted to religion.

But the religion was apparently that of Bacchus, or Dionysus, as the god of wine was more commonly called at Pompeii. The average Pompeiian citizen seldom allowed an hour to pass without paying his devotions to the popular god Bacchus. But here, apparently, was a very wealthy citizen, who gave himself up entirely to the worship of the convivial divinity.

The walls of the house, which was a large and beautiful one, were covered with pictures showing Bacchus in many strange situations, and enjoying some queer adventures. The effect of many of the beautifully painted pictures is humorous, that of some deplorable. Bacchus was a god who did not stand on his dignity, and it was not considered irreverent to depict him having a good time, or even being made the butt of some practical joke.

One of the most remarkable paintings in the house is entitled by the learned archeologists who discovered it, "Dionysus in an Ecstatic State After a Celebration." The stout god is seen leaning back on a bench after having filled himself with excellent wine. His rod, or thyrsus, the symbol of his exalted position, is on the point of falling on the floor. A dainty feminine hand rests on his shoulder, as if to soothe him during his siesta. Around him are some queer looking actors, who have just assisted in entertaining the amiable god. It must be remembered, however, that the exact purpose of the "Villa of the Mysteries" is still as mysterious as the name implies.

Another house recently excavated was that of the richest importer of Pompeii. It had a beautiful courtyard, with fountains upon which some of the living rooms opened. The host and his guests reclined on couches in one of the rooms around the courtyard, and enjoyed the delights of life in Pompeii. In this luxurious house, plentifully supplied with fresh air and shelter from the sun, the inmates could always make themselves comfortable, even in the height of the Pompeiian Summer. The experts will make this appear to the visitor nearly like it was in ancient times.

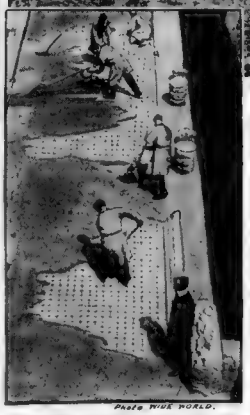


Photo WIDE WORLD.

Italian Workman Cleaning Off the Last Layer of Volcanic Deposit on a Well Preserved Mosaic Floor.

The millionaire's house just found follows closely upon the description given of a rich Pompeiian's dwelling in the curious book called, "The Satyricon," by the old Roman sensualist Petronius, celebrated for his good taste in dress and interior decoration. The newly found house is most probably the one which Petronius had in mind.

Petronius says that Trimalchio, a freed slave, and a great profiteer, was the owner of the splendid villa. There were great profiteers in those days, because Rome had recently conquered most of the civilized Oriental world, and smart fellows, even though slaves, had an opportunity to snatch a vast profit through trade in some luxury obtainable in the new possessions. Such commodities as silk, ivory, amber, diamonds, rubies, leopard skins and peacock feathers, were bought eagerly, regardless of expense, by fashionable Romans and Pompeiians.

Petronius describes Trimalchio giving a feast typical of the Pompeiian nouveau riche of that day. The guests reclined around the tables on silk covered couches, three on a couch, leaning on cushions with the left arm and feeding themselves with the fingers of the right hand.

The position seems an awkward one to modern persons, but the Romans found it advantageous in heavy eating and drinking. They could have just as well sat at the tables in chairs, for they had very fine ones, but they preferred not to do so. The secret of this ancient practice seems to be that when reclining they were in less danger of falling heavily on the floor and could take a nap if so inclined.

"By the favor of Mercury," exclaims Trimalchio, when full of the most expensive wines, "I have built me this house. It was a mere cottage as you know, and now it is a temple. It has four dining rooms, twenty bedchambers, two noble porticos, a storeroom on the upper floor, a chamber, in which I sleep myself, a sitting room for this viper (Trimalchio's coarse epithet for his wife), a capital porter's lodge and accommodation for a hundred guests."

On entering Trimalchio's house one of the guests was greatly alarmed at what he thought was a huge dog with open jaws and mighty teeth,

Photo WIDE WORLD

General View of the Houses of … They Are Now Appearing Afte… of Volcanic Mud and Dust W… Them Two Thousand Ye…

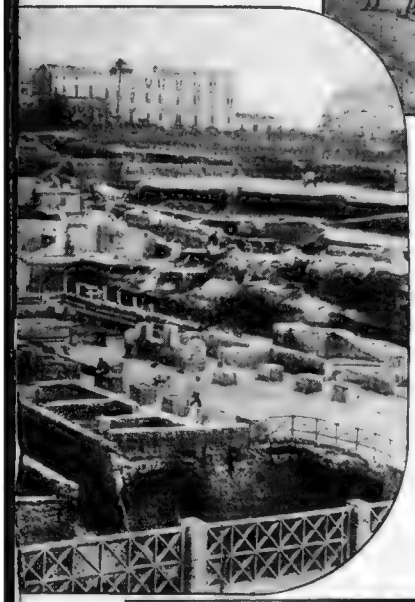
Ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum

...rescoes, Furniture, ...ngs of Kitchen, ... Art Objects and ...gs Left in Place ...l Houses Just ...enturies Ago ...and Lava of ...ied Them

The Recovered Bust of Caecilius Jucundus Cornelius Tages, Wealthy Banker and Money Lender—the Shylock of Old Pompeii.

—AND—

Lead Basket Dust-Bin Found in the House of the Money Lender. Money Was His Mania, and Even This Dust-Bin Was Studded With Reproductions of Coins of the Period.



A Practical Joker of Pre-Eruption Days. Reconstruction Drawing by Professor Forti of a Sportive Young Pompeiian Squirting Water on Girl Friends from a Public Fountain. This Is a Typical Street Scene in Ancient Pompeii, Very Similar to Modern Life in Naples or Salerno.

The Little Garden and the Peristyle of the "House of the Charred Wood Partition" in Herculaneum.

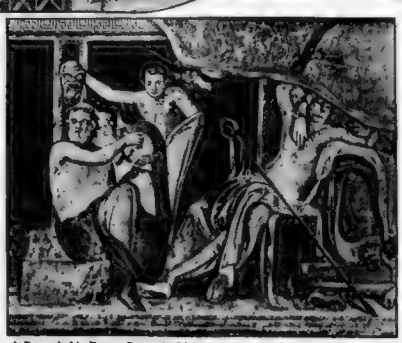
...rculaneum as ...the Clearance ...ch Buried ...s Ago.

...ing the sign ...ave canem" ...ted under it. ...haps the guest ... been taking a ...bracers at one ...he many places ... refreshment ...g the Street ... Abundance. ...sign turned ...o be merely a ...ting of a dog ...he wall, but ...e in a very re...ic manner. ...he guest finally ...w tired of the ...vy feasting and ...king and dull ...versation and ...d to make an ...trusive exit. ...ping so he fell into the expensive lily pool in ...courtyard, of which Trimalchio was very ...d, and had to be fished out by the porter. ...best toga was badly damaged in the process ...had to be sent to the dyer's.

...rimalchio's house had stores on the ground ..., which added greatly to the income of the ...r. This shows how thoroughly commercial ...Pompeiians were. The entrance vestibule ...o the great hall or atrium, which had fres...walls and a floor inlaid with mosaics.

...he atrium, being open to the sky, would ...rally let in the rain. In the primitive type of ...e this lay in a puddle, but architects later ...edied this by making an ornamental pool ...e, filled with water plants, as in Trimalchio's ...se. This arrangement would be found at...ctive in an American Summer house.

Trimalchio, being a profiteer, his house had ...double atrium. From the atrium opened out ...nt and left, the triclinia, or dining rooms, and ... two alae, or wings, where an aristocratic



A Remarkable Fresco Recently Discovered in the "Villa of the Mysteries" at Pompeii and Described as "Dionysus in an Ecstatic State After Orgiastic Celebrations."

owner kept the statues or masks of his ancestors. Trimalchio, having no genuine ancestors, he had ordered a large supply of statues of them from one of the best artists in Pompeii, a Greek sculptor, who had settled here for the purpose of carrying on this profitable line of work.

Straight across the open courtyard was the semi-public tablinum, used as a dining room or reception room for large parties. The apartments mentioned were all more or less public, for a prominent Pompeiian citizen entertained a very large and miscellaneous collection of people. Many of them, indeed, were undesirable or dubious characters, including assassins, burglars, crooked lawyers, forgers, gladiators, leaders of gangs, notorious female dancers and malefactors of various degrees of wealth.

Some of these characters a Pompeiian gentleman, if he had any refinement at all, would not have wished to introduce to his wife and daughters, although Trimalchio, it is evident from the way he spoke of his wife, was absolutely unrefined.

In any case, there were also the private family apartments in a large house. Here the most prominent feature was the peristylium, a garden court like the small cloister of a monastery, pillared around the sides and open in the middle. Here flowers grew and a fountain played, while busts and statues formed a decorative scheme.

From the peristylium opened the oecus, a family dining room or drawing room, if they preferred, and then the exedra, still another salon. At the back came the domestic quarters, then a back entrance and a kitchen garden. Trimalchio's house had a private equipment of baths, although the city baths were magnificent and generally used, even by the wealthy.

The period of Pompeii's destruction was one when reckless extravagance had completely swamped old Roman ideas of simple living. The prevailing extravagance, it is said, was even greater than in New York today. Some noble Romans tried to stem the tide of insensate luxury by scolding and groaning, but there were plenty of poets and artists ready to praise the profiteers and spenders, in return for a banquet with good wine and a few commissions.

Trimalchio's house must have been very gay in its looks. One room had a color scheme of panels in black and red, that might have been painted by a daring modernist artist. The walls were glazed and washable—an extremely hygienic form of construction.

The recent excavations at Pompeii will preserve the objects found better than in former years. The ground is now dug up not in pits and abrupt trenches, as formerly, but—as archeologists are accustomed to do with prehistoric mounds—by horizontal strata descending only by degrees toward the ancient level.

It thus becomes possible to catch and fix all the remains in their relative depth and position and to prepare or restore all those parts of buildings, upper or lower, which have escaped total destruction. Thus, for example, roofs and upper floors are propped with supports immediately after they are reached, in the process of digging downward.

In the course of the excavations carbonized wooden beams have been replaced by iron bars, fallen or broken tiles relaid or restored to their position, and the interesting old signs over shop doors have been protected by glass. A secret process of preserving old wood has been used.

It is confidently expected that the newly excavated parts will afford much more enjoyment to the visitor than the old, interesting as they were. Suitable arrangements will be made to furnish tourists with refreshments. The surrounding country is noted for its excellent fruits, wines and eatables.

Many of the houses in the new quarter communicate with one another by means of interior doors. Evidently there was plenty of social intercourse among the citizens. It seems that they gave up a large part of every day to dancing, feasting, carousing and listening to music. But still they managed to make plenty of money, as their luxurious houses prove. The communicating doors were no doubt also useful in business.

All the stores, it seems, offered attractions to the public to sit down, rest and refresh themselves. An afternoon could be passed pleasantly in a Pompeiian store without any large expenditure of money.

According to Professor Maiuri, director of the archeological force at Pompeii, the newly excavated houses belong to the latest period in the development of the town, when economic conditions had undergone a change and a keener competition in business had set in. The storekeepers had to give a lot for a sesterce.

Paintings on the walls suggest that the inhabitants were taking up some strange new religious cults, just as many rich New Yorkers are wrapped up in Oriental mysteries today. The old worship of Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Minerva, was getting out of date. The pictures indicate the new cults were a little bit extreme.

Much new work has also been done on houses discovered in earlier years, making them more interesting and instructive to visitors. The peristyle garden in the magnificent villa of Cornelius Rufus has been replanted in the ancient manner. The ordinary tourist can now walk along the very paths shaded by palms and evergreens where the distinguished Rufus walked in the cool of the evening, thinking, perhaps, of great business bargains, or perhaps of the latest attractive slave he had acquired.

Many of the pictures found show that women were about as prominent in the life of Pompeii as they are today—prominent not merely as cooks and bottle-washers, but in a rather modern way. Their conduct was not always what the purest modern taste would approve, but the pictures lead scientists to the conclusion that they were usually quite happy and cheerful, in spite of the many shameless pagan customs which cast their blight upon them. The women of the past, it has often been observed by scientific investigators, had a remarkable capacity for being happy, often surpassing that of their more favorably situated sisters of today.

Men frequently invited their girl friends to enjoy some cake or fruit, and, perhaps, a glass of wine, at one of the innumerable little stores of Pompeii, just as the young American of today takes his girl friend for innocent ice cream or soda. It is noticeable that many of the stores of Pompeii, with their high counters, were very much like American soda water and candy stores.

It is open to question whether nice girls allowed themselves to be treated by men in Pompeii, but it appears that customs were rather liberal. The severe standards for women of early Roman times did not prevail in Pompeii at the time it was smothered by Vesuvius.

The records and inscriptions, however, make it appear that an occasional week-end at Pompeii was often enjoyed by the most highly placed Romans as a relaxation from the heavy burden of ruling the whole world. Julius Caesar, who laid down the excellent maxim for wives that "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion," made many a quiet trip to Pompeii. "The mightiest man in all this world" was exceedingly generous to any attractive little woman who diverted his mind for a few hours from the task of ruling the earth. Cato, who is often held up as a model of the stern Roman virtues, even considered it advisable to allow his wife to have an occasional outing at Pompeii with his wealthy friend Hortensius.

Inscriptions at Pompeii have revealed that wives of wealthy citizens spent a great deal of time watching gladiatorial fights, and also less

Continued on Page 16

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

The Thrilling Story of a Love That Swept All Barriers Away

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHEN Don Lorenzo de Cortez [illegible] he [illegible] Isabel [illegible] Lorenzo invites them to dinner [illegible] Isabel to accept, although she dislikes Lorenzo. [illegible] Lorenzo tells her to be nice to [illegible] Isabel [illegible] She dines with the Spanish [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Isabel [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Isabel [illegible] Lorenzo [illegible] Isabel

The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

A Tale of Love, Thrills and Mystery in the Mountains of the West

Ruth Said: "Is this the way you get your morning exercise, Johnny?"

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 13)

gun. As sure as sun, he would have blown the Chinese in two, because he had his fingers wrapped around both triggers of the gun, but he changed his mind just in time.

He stared another minute at Wong, and then he waved to the door. Wong went slowly. In the middle of the doorway we saw him quake as though he'd been kicked from behind, and then he went on down the steps.

I closed the door and went back to Palliser, who was grinning as though he were pretty well pleased with himself.

"He'll run home. I guess," says the captain. "The yellow dog will stay here, I think. If he runs, he knows now that you can catch him. I got a run on the happer Chinee."

He grinned in his horrible way at the thought of it. And then he said: "But it ain't a thing to the unhappin that he there in front of him. I'm gunna make an example of him. He's been prvin' into corners—he's been pryin' into dark corners, Jones, and now he's gunna pay for it—unless he makes me pay first!"

I didn't see how Palliser could have learned very much from this yellow man, since the captain had done all of the talking, but it was very clear that Palliser was fairly contented.

He lighted a stinking black pipe and while he smoked it, he looked more contented still, and said to me:

"They've got everything in the pot by way of seasoning. They got the fire lighted and the water boiling, but they ain't yet landed the big fish to put in. They ain't got me yet, mister, and maybe they won't have me!"

After this he was silent for so long that I thought he was finished with me. There were a hundred questions that I wanted to ask. What or who was "The Wanderer," for instance. And who were "they" who had the pot boiling for the captain?

In the midst of this guessing I turned around and started for the door, thinking that he might be through with me, but Palliser said:

"Jones, it narrows down and narrows down. The rest I can't count on, but I can count on you. I gotta count on you."

I said, "You can count on me, captain. I never double-crossed a man in my life, and it's late for me to start that kind of a business now!"

He took nothing for granted but looked me over very carefully. After awhile he remarked: "Whether I care to say so or not, you're the best bit in a bad fry, Jones, even if you ain't got much sense you can shoot quick and straight. Can anybody around here shoot any quicker or straighter?"

"Rourke," I told him. "But he'll be with me, no matter what."

"Bah!" said Palliser. "That shows that you have no brains at all. No more brains than a salmon"

He repeated: "Rourke! He's like a mad dog. He'd like to take me by the throat."

"You're wrong," said I. "But let it go."

I couldn't help quitting that part of the argument, remembering now Rourke had talked the night before, and every moment my respect for Palliser was increasing—my respect for his brains, I mean, because it was plain that he was able to look through people pretty easily.

"There's you, and there's me," said Palliser, "and between us, we may be able to work the game."

"What game?" said I.

"The game of getting me out of this hole!" said he.

That was the last thing in the world that I expected to hear. He was the anchor that was keeping poor Frances Mornay there.

So I spoke up and said: "Why not broach the idea and get everybody moving, then? Nobody will stay here against your will. You were the one that brought the party up here, I suppose."

He looked at me with his bright, wicked old eyes, and after awhile he said: "You don't understand. You don't understand. And I ain't got it in me to explain. Only—Jones, will you help me to get away from here?"

"Are you in danger?" I asked him.

"Danger?" he boomed at me. Then he paused and checked his voice, and made it low, but still there was a rumble in it like the echoing of a cannon from a distant hill.

"Young man," said the captain, "I'm in mortal danger. They'd sell their hearts to carve me up. I tell you, they got the pot ready for me, and all the seasoning, and the water boiling —and all that they need is now to cut my throat!"

He actually fingered beneath his beard, as though he were not quite sure that the mischief had not been done already. I felt my hair stir; my scalp was prickling with fear of him, and what might happen to him. But, after all, the main thing was that this old man was in danger—and he wasn't the sort to be wrong about it.

So I simply said: "If you want me, I'm with you to the finish! I'll help you all that I can!"

"Good!" said the captain. "I expected something like that out of you. Well, then, son, we'll make a night march of it!"

I blinked a little, and he went on: "We'll start tonight, after dinner, and after everybody has turned in. They go to bed fairly early. Then you get that buckboard, as you call it, ready. Get seven rifles on deck. Then come for me, and I'll go down with you. I can shift my own weight when I have to—as good as a spider!"

He laughed.

"And suppose that they get me before night?" said Palliser thoughtfully. "Suppose that they get me before night—"

Without a word, he pushed the chair over to the table, took a pencil and paper, and wrote rapidly—wrote in that way for at least a half hour, his pencil shooting across the paper at a wonderful speed.

"If they get me before night—or on the breakaway, read that, John Jones, and then ride for a sheriff's posse!" Captain Palliser blazed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Jones Is Amazed.

AFTER I left the captain, that was the thing that I thought the strangest and that stuck in my mind the most—the fact that he had some sort of law on his side. Even if murder was done on him, somehow it seemed hardly likely that he'd be able to complain, because if there wasn't a trail of dead men behind that sea-shark, I was willing to eat any man's hat.

But I liked Palliser. I liked him because he was interesting, if you know what I mean. Everything about him was different from other men, and I could have sat and listened to him by the hour, talking. And twenty times that day I felt of the big, fat envelope which he had given to me, and I wished with all my might that I could be crooked enough to open it.

There are ways of opening envelopes, I knew, chiefly by using steam that softens up the mucilage; but I held back. It wasn't exactly a sense of honor that held me up, but when the old man asked for that envelope the next day, if I had tampered with it, he would know just as a fox would know by the scent, if a strange animal had come into its lair.

This affair made me nervous. I was as impatient as a cat for night to come. I was eager to make the start, and yet I was uneasy, too, for in a sense it would be letting down Rourke and the red-head, and above all, it might be working some harm to beautiful Frances Mornay.

There was another shock due to us all, this same day. And it didn't come from Palliser or Wong, either.

As for Wong, I expected that he would light out as soon as he could, but he didn't. He stayed on in his kitchen and worked, and cooked up a boss lunch for us that made even Rourke come alive.

After lunch, I went out for a stroll in the woods, and I was picking up a branch of fallen pine to whittle on, and think, when I saw a shadow moving through the trees, and a horseman came out into plain view.

This was a lean, hard-looking, weather-stained, sun-dried man from the desert. Nobody but a desert man would be so sun-dried as this; he was like a dead jackrabbit, all full of skin and bones and speed. He had eyes like the eyes of a bird, very small and extremely bright. These eyes he put on me, and immediately I wished that this fellow were on my side.

He said to me: "Top of the day to you."

"Hello, stranger," said I.

"Might you belong to the house?" he asked me.

"I been seen there," I told him.

"Been here with the rest of the party?"

This seem to me like questions; I told him so. I said:

"Are you plannin' a book about the house, stranger?"

"I'm a hunter," said the stranger. "I been drifting up this way, making tracks for my camp in the hills."

"What hills?"

"Yonder."

"I don't see no big pack with you," I told him.

"My partner is up there with the shack and the traps and what not."

"You been down for cash?"

"I been down trying to get young."

He smiled a little as he said this. He wasn't old, at that. He was not more than thirty-five or forty, perhaps, but he seemed as dry inside as out, and dusty, and gray. He would look about like this when he was seventy; there didn't seem to be any of the juice of life in him.

"Did you pick up a good time?" I asked him.

"Tequila ain't a drink to call good," he said, "any time after the drinking."

I agreed with that. The devil invented that watery looking stuff with the permanent fire built inside of it.

"I came across your trail," he went on

"Hello! You been reading our trail!" said I

"I have."

"What you make of it?"

"There's a Chinese with you."

"Well, you might guess that."

"There's the proof."

Out of his pocket he fished an envelope; out of the envelope he took a little cigarette butt.

"No one but a Chinese would roll his tobacco like that," said the dusty stranger

"No, that's right," I admitted.

I always admired to see what a smart gent could make out of the signs that are left along a trail, and I took it from the first flash at this man that he was no fool.

Then he said: "A cook, this gent is, most likely."

"How would you make that out?" said I.

"By the trace of grease on the paper. But, of course, that might be a wrong guess."

"Sure," said I. "Anybody might have greasy hands—after lunch, say!"

"That would be cooked grease. Not raw."

I stared at him a little. He was smart enough to make me a little uneasy. You don't want to be too close to a man who knows too much.

"Well," I came back at him, "suppose that a hunter handled that cigarette, after cutting up a kill?"

"That might be, of course," said he, "but have you seen many Chinese out tracking deer through these hills?"

He had me beaten; I told him so, and offered him a smoke. It warmed my heart a little to see the way the brain of that gent worked.

"What else did you find out about this here party?" I asked him.

I was surprised to see the way that he talked out, because one of those here smart trailers is apt to be pretty silent, but this fellow didn't mind talking at all.

"Sure," said he, "I found out some other things, I think. You got a mighty pretty girl on this trip, I'd say."

I started.

"Look here," said I, "you mean to say you never have seen her? Or heard about us?"

"Is that guess right?"

"Of course it is right. But how could you tell? What sort of marks would a special pretty girl make on the trees, or what sort of a cigarette would she roll maybe?"

The fellow from the desert only laughed at me a little.

"This far West," he said, "the old women ain't apt to use the finest kind of French powder. And the young women ain't, either. It costs too much. They save it for the town; they use common American stuff in the hills. But you take a real beauty, and she gets to taking special care of herself all of the time. Oh, you've got a mighty pretty girl along, I'll say!"

I squinted at him. It sounded a good deal like a fairy tale, as you'll admit, but at the same time there seemed to be a regular progression from one step to another in his reasoning.

"Well," I told him, "I'm willing to take off my hat to you. I don't mind saying that you come over any trailing that I've ever heard talk about, lately. Got a Indian streak in your grandfather's side, partner?"

He grinned back at me, not taking no offense where none was meant.

"What else did you pick up besides the lady's fine French powder pan?" I asked him.

"Why," said he, "I'd say that you got a fine shot along here—a fine shot and a fast man with a gun."

"Hum!" said I. "What little bird come along and told you that?"

"Well, I could guess," said the stranger. "There must be a pretty famous shot in the party."

"Did you ask one of the skeletons of the deer, or a rabbit skin, how far away it was standing when the gun was fired?"

He answered me, still with his quiet little smile: "I could pace the distance from the nearest hoss sign to a blazed tree, with a bullet through the blaze, and two more below it."

"And how come that you could tell that he was fast with his gun?"

"Why," said the stranger "I'd ask you how does a fast gunman act with his Colt? The minute that the nozzle of the old hoss is free from the leather he begins to squirt lead, don't he?"

"Yes, that's pretty true, I suppose."

"Of course it's true. Where a real fast gunman works, there's often splinters raised up off of the floor."

"And what splinters was raised off the rocks?" I asked him.

"There was a bullet hole near the base of the tree, and one higher up, and then one plumb in the center of the blaze."

"They might have been fired the other way around," I suggested.

"Sure they might," said he. "But I take it that they wasn't. They was fired real fast, they was fired fifty yards off with a forty-five calibre kicking Colt, and they was landed into the mark. The first two of those shots would of killed a hoss; the third shot would of killed the rider!"

He nodded at me, still with his smile.

But now, I'd gotten past smiling. I said to him: "Great guns, man, what else did you find out about us? Pretty soon, you'll be reading my mind!"

"There's an old sailor with you," said he.

That about finished me. I shouted at him: "Look here, partner, I don't want to have no trouble with you, but how come you could tell that there was a sailor with us?"

"An old sailor," he repeated, "that has spent a lot of time on the China coast."

"By heaven," I said to him, "and you picked that information off of the trail?"

"It ain't so hard to figger out," said he. "I been at sea myself. This here knot"—he picked a piece of string out of the envelope—"was mostly tied by Chinese sailors along the coast. And there you are!"

"Why wasn't it a Chinese that tied this, then?"

"Because they don't do things absent minded. They rather sit with their hands in their laps and watch the edge of the sky."

"That's true. But how do you make out that he must be an old sailor?"

"Because that's a knot that youngsters nowadays don't tie. They're too smart to learn the old-fashioned way, or the ways of other countries. Your old sailor was always the one that used to pick up the stray bits of information."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright 1930 by Max Brand
All Rights Reserved.

"Coming events cast their shadows before"

TRIED AND TRUE!

When tempted to over-indulge

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD"

Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." Lucky Strike has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that Luckies are less irritating to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

"I have come to the conclusion," writes Sir Henry Thompson, M.D., F.R.S., "that more than half the disease that embitters human life is due to avoidable errors in diet." We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky instead," you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight, and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Saturday and Thursday evening, over N. B. C. networks.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 12)

frock, n'est ce pas?" the modiste inquired rather anxiously, noting Isabel's troubled frown.

"Yes, I think it is quite charming, and agree with you that the Senor de Cortez has excellent taste," responded Isabel, with a weary gesture and a mirthless laugh. "I shall not trouble to try on all the rest of the things he has chosen, but I feel sure they will all be equally attractive. Don Lorenzo has such excellent taste!"

"Oui, madame," said the modiste, smiling, but with a puzzled expression. "M'sieur le Don Lorenzo is fortunate in having a lady who so fully agrees with his choice, and you, senora, are fortunate in having so generous and handsome a husband. Mais oui! Many ladies would like to change places with you!"

Isabel merely nodded absently and forced a smile as she took off the dinner gown and put on her own tailor-made costume. She had lost all desire to try on any of the other beautiful frocks chosen for her by the man who had appointed himself master of her destiny. Almost she shuddered as she looked at the dainty garments, reflecting that they were, in a measure, the price of her honor, or, perchance, purchases to salve Don Lorenzo's conscience. And she found herself, too, suddenly possessed with an overwhelming desire to get out into the open air, away from the exotic, perfumed air of the salon, and from the sallow-faced obsequious woman in black with her false smile.

"You approved of my choice, I hope, Isabel?" Lorenzo asked, when, with the modiste in close attendance, she rejoined him.

"Oh, quite, quite! Everything is lovely," replied Isabel hastily. "I'll wait for you outside while you settle with Madame."

A gorgeous commissionaire, in a uniform which would have made the most vain General or Field-Marshal envious, swung open the door for her, and she hurried out into the Rue de la Paix, which was crowded with fashionable shoppers and the usual crowd of idlers.

CHAPTER VI.

"His Latest Plaything."

ISABEL walked along the pavement for a little way, then paused for a few moments before turning to retrace her steps. And as she paused a slim, sleek, dandified Frenchman swept off his hat with exaggerated courtesy, leering at her avidly as he did so, and addressed her in voluble French. Isabel did not understand the language well, but she understood enough to know that the sleek individual was offering her his escort, and she drew herself up haughtily.

"I do not know you, monsieur," she said coldly, and would have passed on, but the dandy put out a detaining hand.

"Chere mademoiselle—" he began; and got no further, for suddenly he found himself lifted bodily off his feet by the nape of his skinny neck and deposited in the gutter.

It was Don Lorenzo who had appeared on the scene and dealt with the situation in a prompt and drastic manner.

"Canaille! Cochon! How dare you insult my wife!" he snarled at the discomfited dandy, and the latter, after one glance at him as he rose to his feet, evidently decided that discretion was the better art of valor, for he disappeared between two of the big motors standing by the curb. "Sorry, darling," said Lorenzo apologetically, and drew Isabel's hand through his arm. "Let's walk on. It is scandalous that a lady cannot walk alone in the Rue de la Paix without being molested. Sorry to have made a scene, but that is the best way to deal with cads of that type. Did he frighten you?"

"Not much, but you certainly frightened him," Isabel answered, as they walked on hurriedly, followed by the curious glances of the people who had witnessed the incident. "I have never before seen a man pick another up by the scruff of the neck and throw him away, as you did just now," she added, and began to laugh heartily, almost in spite of herself.

Don Lorenzo laughed in sympathy, and the angry light faded out of his blue eyes.

"If I had killed him, Isabel, the world would have suffered no loss," he remarked. "Forgive it, darling, I am glad you can laugh at the annoyance. That creature was as a fly that one would chase away with a wave of the hand, yet for a moment I wanted to kill him—as I would kill any man who tried to come between us now. Happily I was able to rid myself of the man who stood between us without killing him."

He spoke in matter-of-fact tones with a smile on his lips, but Isabel was startled by his words, and the thought flashed through her mind that perchance his method of "ridding" himself of Noel had been more ruthless than she had imagined. She found herself wondering by what miraculous coincidence he had chanced to appear on the scene immediately after Noel had shot the detective, and whether the whole tragic affair had been a conspiracy organized by him to get rid of Noel Berkeley and leave her at his mercy. One can think of many things in the space of a few seconds, just as one can have a dream covering the happenings of years in the space of a dozen heart-beats.

"But we will not talk of things best forgotten," Lorenzo resumed, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "We have more shopping to do, dear heart, for I want to buy you jewels to wear with your new gowns. You shall choose whatever pleases your fancy, my Isabel, and the most beautiful gems which the greatest jeweler in Paris can produce will adorn the most beautiful woman in the world."

He looked smilingly and adoringly at Isabel, but there was no answering smile on her lips or in her golden-brown eyes as she met his glance.

"I wonder how many women there have been for whom you have chosen frocks, Lorenzo, and afterwards bought jewels?" she said quietly. "Were they all quite content to sell themselves to you for the sake of a few pretty dresses and a few expensive jewels?"

Lorenzo darted a surprised glance at her, and his face flushed slightly.

"Suffice it to say, Isabel, that you have now no rival," he answered, half-abruptly, after a momentary silence. "You are the only woman who has ever touched my heart. Any—ay, all—of the others were but incidents, or shall I call them experiments? Yes, I rather like that term—experiments. I am akin to a connoisseur who has sought for an ideal, and has experimented, tested, tasted and sampled in his quest. Now my quest is ended, for I have found my ideal,—you, my Isabel. Any other woman now means as little to me as Noel Berkeley should mean to you. What has aroused your jealousy, I wonder?"

"I am not jealous," Isabel protested. "I am merely wondering how soon you will tire of your latest plaything."

She met Lorenzo's puzzled glance challengingly, and he shook his head in rueful perplexity.

"Let me try to restore myself to the good graces of my 'latest plaything' by offering her her choice of the treasures of a Parisian Aladdin's cave," he retorted, after another momentary pause, and with a cryptic smile.

Another enormous, gorgeously attired commissionaire swung open the door of the great jeweller's shop, saluting respectfully as he did so, and at once a bearded, frock-coated, aristocratic-looking individual hastened forward to greet Don Lorenzo and his fair companion, and to lead them through the shop proper into a luxuriously furnished salon.

"The senora has been shopping, monsieur, and now she wants some jewels to wear with her new gowns," explained Don Lorenzo, waving Isabel towards a divan, and throwing himself into a big, leather-covered armchair. "First, my dear Monsieur Simon, we will examine some emerald necklaces," he continued, after lighting a cigarette. "One of the new evening gowns of the senora must, it appears, be worn with a necklace of emeralds cut square. And see to it, Monsieur Simon, that they are choice stones."

"I should not dream of offering Don Lorenzo de Cortez anything but the best and choicest stones," protested the manager, spreading out his hands with an expressive gesture. "And even the best and choicest in the world will hardly be good enough for so beautiful a lady," he added, and bowed low and gallantly to Isabel.

"True! True, my dear Monsieur Simon!" exclaimed Don Lorenzo smilingly. "And if you are as competent as a salesman as you are as a courtier, I shall probably be impoverished before I escape from your establishment."

"Ah, senor, but think of the joy of being able to spend money on jewels which will delight the heart of your beautiful senora!" responded the Frenchman, with an answering smile. "Emeralds? I have the choicest collection in all Europe, and you shall see the pick of them all. Pardon!"

He bowed again and hurried away to return within a few minutes accompanied by an immaculately groomed assistant who carried a number of jewel cases, which he opened to display the most exquisite emerald necklaces Isabel had ever seen in her life.

"Make your choice, Isabel mio," said Lorenzo, heaving himself out of his chair to examine the jewels critically. "This one, I think, might best suit you."

"The senor is a most excellent judge," exclaimed the manager. "That necklace is the choicest of the whole collection, and, incidentally, the most expensive."

"We shall discuss prices later, you old rogue, and I shall refuse to pay extra for compliments," said Lorenzo. "Throw off your wrap, Isabel, and let us see how this necklace looks on your lovely neck."

He took the string of emeralds from its velvet-lined case as Isabel rose to her feet, and Isabel was conscious of a thrill as he fastened the gems round her throat, then waved her across to a tall cheval glass to study the effect.

"You like them, darling?" he asked.

There are few women who can resist the appeal and the fascination of beautiful jewels, and Isabel, essentially feminine, was certainly not one of the few.

"They are lovely, exquisite!" she exclaimed, catching her breath. "But—er—if they are very expensive, perhaps I——"

"Leave it to me, Isabel, to discuss prices with this old rogue," interrupted Lorenzo laughingly. "We will haggle like a pair of Levantine traders."

"And you, as usual, senor, will probably get the better of the bargain — as usual," said Monsieur Simon. "Pardon, but surely the senora should have an emerald bracelet to match her necklace? Voila! A bracelet made from the same choice stones."

"You will ruin me, you wretch," protested Lorenzo, with an exaggerated gesture; but he took the bracelet, and after examining it critically, clasped it on Isabel's wrist.

"You like it, beloved?" he asked.

"Yes, but—but I—I can't take it," Isabel stammered in confusion. "I can't let you give me such expensive——"

"Did you not hear Monsieur Simon say that even the best is not good enough for you?" Lorenzo interposed. "It is a joy to me to be able to give my beloved beautiful things." He spoke in Spanish, but now he turned and addressed the manager and the assistant in French. "And now, messieurs, a string of choice pearls, but remember I am not a Maharajah."

"We have pearls, senor, which any Maharajah would envy, beautiful pearls fit to adorn even so beautiful a lady as the senora," said M. Simon, rubbing his hands delightedly. "If the senor will only be good enough to give me some idea of the price—just an indication?"

"Oh, say something between 50,000 and 75,000 francs," Don Lorenzo answered carelessly. "But one moment! I have another idea, monsieur, as brilliant as yours concerning the bracelet. Surely the senora should have an emerald ring to match the necklace and bracelet—one with the stone cut square and set in diamonds?"

"Certainement!" agreed M. Simon enthusiastically. "Certainement! Then the tout ensemble will be perfect."

"But, Lorenzo, I—I don't want so many things," protested Isabel rather breathlessly, her head in a whirl. "Why, you must be spending a fortune!"

"Pouf! Do you think a thousand or two will impoverish me, my dear?" Lorenzo replied lightly, with an indulgent glance. "The chief joy of possessing money lies in spending it on beautiful things—and that, I suppose, is what an Englishman would call an Irishism. And this, my Isabel, is an Aladdin's cave to which you have found the 'Open Sesame!' Why, darling, your eyes are brighter than any jewel which M. Simon can show you, and you look like a fairy Princess!"

Isabel felt like a fairy Princess, or, rather, she was inclined to regard Lorenzo as a sort of fairy Prince who had waved a magic wand and opened a treasure house for her as she tried to make a choice from the selection of beautiful rings which M. Simon and his assistant produced for her inspection, each one seeming to her dazzled eyes more beautiful than the last.

It was Lorenzo who eventually chose one for her. Not until long afterwards did it occur to Isabel that it was he who did all the choosing, and that she had had very little say in the matter, either as regards frocks, lingerie or jewels. It was he who chose the string of pearls also, silky, pinky, lustrous pearls which would have delighted and tempted any Daughter of Eve, and which Isabel pressed close to her breast in a kind of rapture after she had looked at herself in the mirror.

"They are lovely, Lorenzo, lovely!" she said with a catch in her sweet voice, her golden-brown eyes shining with delight, her cheeks aglow. "Now I really feel like a fairy Princess. You are

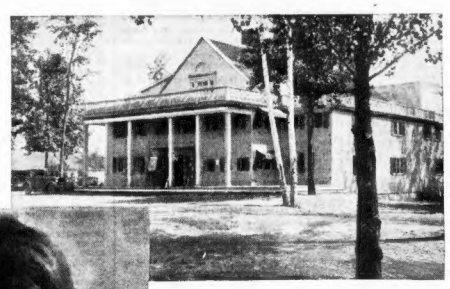
(Continued on Page 16)

CELEBRATING DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S

Fortieth Anniversary

THE MODEL LAKEWOOD THEATRE AT SKOWHEGAN, MAINE EQUIPS ITS DRESSING ROOMS WITH THESE FAMOUS CREAMS AND LOTION

Perfect Cold Cream
Perfect Vanishing Cream
Perfect Cleansing Cream
Vivatone



CLAIBORNE FOSTER, bright particular star of the Lakewood Theatre, is well-known to Broadway for her outstanding performances in "The Patsy," "Other Men's Wives," etc. The Lakewood Theatre is one of the conspicuous successes in the Little Theatre Movement. The charming colonial building (shown above) is thronged each night with smart theatre lovers from the fashionable New England coast resorts. The season is from May to October . . . new plays are given each week starring well loved Broadway players . . . if you're touring New England this summer don't miss this unique and lovely spot.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has been used for forty years by famous stage stars. The constant application of grease-paint and make-up necessitated by their profession, makes the use of a pure emollient afterwards an absolute essential to keep the skin fresh and fair and free from clogging.

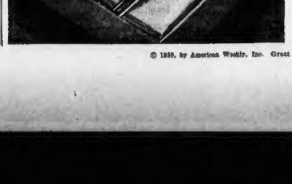
Actresses are notable for their lovely skins . . . constant care with fine, pure products does it . . . will do it for you, too. Now that the Daggett and Ramsdell family has grown to four equally lovely products, any woman can give her skin correct modern care easily and quickly at home. Follow these directions:

Daily night massage: apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream generously and massage the skin of face, neck and shoulders thoroughly with a rotary motion. Wipe off with tissues. If the tissues look dirty, apply the cream again and wipe it off.

Daytime care: in the morning a quick application of the dainty new Perfect Cleansing Cream. It liquefies instantly, cleanses and soothes. Wipe off and apply a pad saturated in Vivatone. Let the Vivatone dry, and apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream. Then your powder and make-up—you'll be delighted with the velvetyness of your skin after even one such treatment!

All Daggett and Ramsdell products in the smart new 1930 packages you see in the picture, can be obtained anywhere at the same prices you have always paid.

The DEBUTANTE Kit



50 CENT TRIAL OFFER

Send 50 cents direct to Daggett & Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York, for this smart little kit. Contains regular sizes of all four lovely products . . . enough for several complete facials described on this page. Read the new beauty book that comes in the kit. It will help you to have the dainty cleanliness, the smooth, clear skin that makes any woman more alluring. Send the coupon right now, while you think of it.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. W-8
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit

Name .....
(Miss)
Street .....
City .....
State .....

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Marketing for Melons

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ONE of the most frequent items written on the housewife's August shopping list is "melons." This may mean the large green striped watermelon so native and typical to the American menu, or the smaller and more fragrant muskmelon or canteloupe. All these Summer fruits or edible berries bring their flavored cool refreshment just when hot weather demands it most.

The watermelon originated in Africa, where it was highly appreciated not only by the dark natives, but equally by elephants and lions and other wild creatures who reveled in its refreshing succulence. Watermelon is still the largest melon crop in spite of the increasing popularity of many crossed varieties of muskmelon, and also the extended season for the newer honeydew and casaba melons which the housewife is adding to her Winter menu.

In choosing a watermelon, the consumer seeks brittle flesh of a red or deep rose, with few fibres. In the general market the thick-rind varieties are preferable, while if bought in the neighborhood of their growth, choose a thin-rind melon.

The most usual way of serving watermelon is to cut it in a thick slice, and then again in half. Perhaps a more attractive service for the home is to cut it in a two-inch-thick slice, then across, and to entirely remove both green and white rind before bringing to the table. For this purpose the housewife may use one of the small washboard vegetable cutters employed for making lattice potatoes. By using this cutter all along the edge of the pink flesh, the edge becomes prettily scalloped, the portion rests more attractively on the plate, and the waste is left behind in the kitchen.

Watermelon pulp also lends itself to the making of balls such as are used in a fruit cocktail or dessert. To make these, use a French vegetable scoop cutter, about an inch in diameter. Sink the cutter into the pulp with a rotary motion, until a perfect small round ball is made. Set balls to chill in refrigerator and served heaped up in fancy dish or glass, and pass powdered sugar. Or flavor the balls with various fruit juices, particularly lemon, pineapple, or grape juice, and serve well chilled in an individual fruit cocktail or cup.

Watermelon pickle or relish is one of the easiest to make, and the rinds from a single melon will produce about two quarts of finished pickle. Thinly pare rinds and cut in neat, uniform strips or pieces. Soak in alum water to cover, allowing 2 teaspoons powdered alum to each 1 quart of water. (This makes the pulp transparent.) Heat gradually to boiling and simmer 10 minutes. Drain, let stand 2 hours. Cover with ice water. Drain and dry. Weigh pieces and allow 1 pound of sugar to each 1 pound of fruit, and 1 cup water to each pound of sugar. Boil sugar and water 10 minutes to a syrup, add melon rind and cook until tender. Remove rind to sterilized jars, pour over boiling syrup and seal. This may be varied by adding 2 thinly sliced lemons to the boiling syrup, or a small bag of mixed spices such as are used in any sweet pickle recipe.

It should be remarked here that in some markets the housewife will note what seems a small watermelon, but of a round or ball shape. This is a true citron-melon, which is not edible raw, but which also makes a sweet preserve by boiling in a syrup strongly flavored with lemon or ginger, or both.

Market styles in melons are constantly changing. The first highly cultivated muskmelons came from near Montreal, Canada, and are still known to the trade as the Montreal Golden Queens. These are large fruits with flesh of a salmon tint or green, shading to red, and sometimes reach a weight of 15 pounds. The most famous of the smaller table muskmelons is the green fleshed Rocky Ford, whose silver gray netting stands out like thick heavy lace, entirely covering the fruit. Its flesh is thick, firm and smooth, and should never be watery in appearance. Near the rind it is very dark green. There are other popular varieties depending on the section.

The muskmelon, also, is a queenly fruit whether served plain as a breakfast fruit, or made more partified by the addition of ice cream, whipped cream, or cocktail ingredients. For the hostess who likes a change, a muskmelon appetizer is easy to prepare and attractive as the first course of a luncheon. Use very small melons, and scoop out pulp entirely. Cut pulp into cubes or shape into very small balls. Add one-half the amount of maraschino cherries halved, as there are muskmelon balls. Combine, and stand to chill, using the cherry juice, one tablespoon lemon juice, and two to three tablespoons powdered sugar. Serve in individual sherbet glasses, garnished with whole cherries, or replace in scooped out melon shells laid on large leaf.

Another method of serving melon balls is to arrange them on lettuce leaves with cubes of pineapple or grapefruit jelly as garnish. Use a whipped cream mayonnaise, tinted a delicate pink. This is an inexpensive but extremely decorative salad for the guest luncheon, especially if this be carried out on a pink or rose plan.

Another attractive service is to cut the melon pulp into thin strips crosswise after paring off the entire pulp. That is, first cut small melon in half and remove seeds. Use sharp knife to pare melon of all rind. Again slice melon crosswise, just as one does with an Avocado pear, lay inverted on lettuce, pour over a French dressing, and serve as a salad, with a fork.

A simple but effective melon service as a dessert is to cut small round melons into thick circles crosswise, and remove seeds. Place melon ring on individual serving plate, and fill the hollow with whipped cream or grape juice sherbet. Flavorings which go especially well with muskmelon are ginger, lemon, pineapple and grape juice, and any of these may be used as a seasoned juice or as a sherbet to combine with melon pulp.

Muskmelon may also be cooked as a compote or stewed fruit, and in this form is a novel change. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and 2 cups of water. Simmer 5 minutes, adding a small bit of stick cinnamon, or a couple of whole cloves, or a few slivers of preserved ginger root. While the syrup is hot, lay in large dice or strips of firm melon pulp and simmer in syrup about 5 minutes. Remove melon to fancy serving dish, boil down syrup until thick, pour over melon, and when chilled, heap with whipped cream garnish. With small cakes or cookies this makes a pleasing Summer dessert and is especially suitable for the large and heavy canteloupe melon seen at this season.

The half-ripe melons of all the canteloupe variety may be used as egg plant or squash for frying in egg and crumbs or batter. This is a good thing to remember because occasionally muskmelon bought for table use refuses to ripen and become agreeable to eat with a spoon.

Also, a melon occasionally has a peculiar flavor or odor which is not liked, whereas its pulp would be entirely suitable for cooking. Slice such melons in rings, after having pared the rind with a sharp knife. Use butter in a skillet, lay in the melon slices and delicately saute. Or egg and crumb, just as in egg plant, and serve very hot.

Occasionally in the market, one may see a quantity of very small and green muskmelons, the size of a large apple. These may be spiced whole, using a syrup made from 3 pounds sugar, 1 teaspoon each powdered allspice and cloves, a little grated nutmeg and a few bits of stick cinnamon. Boil spiced syrup first, pour over melons and let stand over night. Repeat three times, the last time simmering the melons in the hot syrup until tender. Pack melons in sterilized jars, pour over syrup, and seal. Use as Winter meat relish.

Now a Way That Really *Rids* One of *Arm* and *Leg Hair!*

—Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth!

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Another dirty floor to CLEAN!

Get the Gold Dust, clean it quick. It's safe and easy to use.

DO YOU ever get discouraged trying to keep your kitchen NEAT and CLEAN? So many women do, SCRUBBING away at TRACKS the tradesmen leave, or FOOD STAINS on the floor.

But don't be DISCOURAGED. Don't feel SORRY for yourself. There's a way to clean up those spots like MAGIC! Just shake a little Gold Dust into a pail of water. Mop the floor and the SPOTS and STAINS are GONE!

Don't expect expensive CHIPS or FLAKES to do it. They won't. And don't try to use a GRITTY CLEANSER that leaves a deposit of unsightly GRIT behind. Use Gold Dust, that FAITHFUL FRIEND of so many INTELLIGENT housewives.

Gold Dust is by far the finest soap for HEAVY-DUTY cleaning. For woodwork and floors, for porcelain and tile, Gold Dust HAS NO EQUAL. It takes all the drudgery out of housework, and TODAY is the day for you to start using it. Your grocer has Gold Dust in two convenient sizes. Order your package NOW.

FOR DIRTY DIRT
USE GOLD DUST
Woodwork washed with flakes or chips looks gray and smudgy.
Harsh cleansers scratch and mar, and leave deposits of grit.
Gold Dust, the ideal soap for dirty dirt, cleans things clean.
FAIRBANKS
GOLD DUST
WASHING POWDER
KITCHENETTE SIZE
5¢
and the Big Household size, even more economical

GOLD DUST

Interesting New Discoveries in Ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum

(Continued from Double Page)

sanguinary sporting contests. They used to visit the superbly formed gladiators before the mortal combat and feel their muscles. It is probable that a successful gladiator often enjoyed a surreptitious supper with some fair woman who admired his prowess.

There were combats with the cestus, which were not unlike modern prize-fights, although the arrangement of leather and lead covering the hand did more damage than the boxing glove. Pompeiian woman derived a lot of full-blooded enjoyment from watching these exhibitions.

The paintings also show that Pompeiian matrons were fond of attending dancing cabarets, where young men trained as dancing partners helped them to pass the time agreeably.

It is interesting to know that women took part in the politics of the city. The front of the house of Aulus Trebius Valens, the richest citizen dwelling on the Street of Abundance, is covered with election posters, theatre announcements and other advertisements. Among the names of those who ask their fellow-citizens to elect them as ediles or aldermen are several women. The women claim that they know how to keep the streets clean.

Trebius Valens was apparently the leader of Pompeii at the time of its destruction, both in business and politics. His tomb was not found in the cemetery and it is believed he died during the final catastrophe. There have been found many jugs of terra cotta bearing the name of the Valens family. It seems that every self-respecting family of Pompeii put up its favorite fish catsup, made of the entrails and blood of sea-fish, which was salted down and placed in storage, in jugs of the Valens manufacture.

Trebius Valens won much popularity by the splendid gladiatorial games he gave free for the amusement of his fellow-citizens. An announcement states that thirty pairs of gladiators from the School of Valens Senior and twenty pairs from the School of Valens Junior will appear.

Thoughtless people may suppose that as Roman Emperor did nothing but tyrannize over the people subjected to him. In reality he had to keep them constantly amused, as the following poster found at Pompeii shows:

"Forty-nine pairs of gladiators, belonging to Proprietor Capinius, will, at the expense of the imperial family, fight at Puteoli on May 15. Awnings will protect the amphitheatre."

Everybody in Pompeii was not perfectly shameless and recklessly convivial. M. Fabridius Hymenaeus, although he had a fine wine-cellar, frowned on excesses, as shown by an inscription in his dining-room. He was hospitable, but liked his guests to show a little restraint. On one side of the wall is written an admonition in which he advises his guests to see that their feet are properly shod before entering. He likewise warns his friends to look only at the women who belong to them and not at those of other guests. A third inscription forbids all political discussions, and guests are told that, if their opinions differ from those of their host or their fellow-guests, it will be better for them to leave the dining-room.

Hymenaeus seems to have been as near a Puritan as it were possible to be in ancient Pompeii. He had a little private dining-room in his house, the walls of which were decorated with very gay pictures. Here he did not observe all the moral maxims he laid down for the benefit of his ordinary guests. He was not altogether popular in Pompeii. He found it necessary to place in front of his house a warning threatening prosecution to all those who wrote messages insulting to him on the walls.

In many ways Pompeii seems to have borne considerable resemblance to New York, Chicago and other large American cities.

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 15)

too generous, Lorenzo, and I don't know how to thank you."

"I am already repaid by your look of rapture, caro mio," said Lorenzo. "Wear the ring, Isabel. The other things I will ask Monsieur Simon to have sent to our Hotel in time for you to wear them tonight, if you wish, when you dress for dinner. Pardon me while I accompany M. Simon to his office to haggle with him about prices."

"Shall I tell you how Don Lorenzo haggles, senora?" asked M. Simon, beaming at Isabel. "He says, 'How much altogether, Simon?' I tell him, and he writes a cheque and does not even ask for a receipt. That is how the senor 'haggles'!"

"And I expect you impose on me, you old rascal," laughed Lorenzo.

"Mais non, monsieur!" Simon assured him earnestly. "Au contraire, always I quote the lowest price, knowing that you will not ask me to take less than I quote, and always I offer you only the best."

"We will not discuss such sordid matters as prices in the presence of the senora," said Lorenzo. "Conduct me to your office, my dear Simon, produce your choicest cabinet of choice cigars and your decanter of Napoleon brandy, and I will settle the bill."

"Obviously he has been here often before, and evidently I am only one of several—perhaps many—women for whom he has bought jewels as well as frocks," reflected Isabel, as the man withdrew. "I wonder if he told each of the others that she was his ideal, the most beautiful woman in the world, and queen of his heart? I hate the thought, I hate and despise myself, and I hate him for what happened today. . . ."

Yet a minute later she kissed the emerald ring that Lorenzo had slipped on her finger beside Noel Berkeley's wedding ring, and then blushed rosily at her own unaccountable action.

They found their purchases awaiting them at their suite when they returned to the Elysee Palace after a leisurely stroll along the Bois de Boulogne.

"Why, Lorenzo, you must have bought far more things than I imagined!" exclaimed Isabel, regarding the pile of boxes, each emblazoned with the name of a famous couturier, in astonishment.

"I bought everything that took my fancy, beloved, and everything that seemed to please you," answered Lorenzo lightly; "and now I think you might spend an hour or so before dinner trying on all the charming garments and seeing whether they all meet with your approval—and mine."

He rang for the maid and watched the girl smilingly as she opened box after box and took one "creation" after another from its swathings of tissue paper, uttering ejaculations of admiration as she held up each dainty garment in turn for inspection.

"Now my bride will display her trousseau, and delight anew the heart of her bridegroom," said Lorenzo in Spanish to Isabel. "Madame desires to try on everything," he added in French, addressing the maid.

"But—but surely, Lorenzo, you don't expect me to try on everything—to display myself in your presence?" protested Isabel indismay.

"Why not?" responded Lorenzo calmly, his blue eyes twinkling mischievously. "Possibly your dear Aunt Agatha might be shocked, but I am quite sure the French maid will not be shocked in the slightest degree by the idea of the beautiful senora displaying all her latest purchases to enchant afresh the heart of her adoring husband. On the contrary, Isabel mine, she would probably be vastly amused and intrigued if I were to withdraw to my own room every time you took off a frock to change into another. Ah, she seems intrigued even now."

Isabel glanced at the maid, who was regarding them in smilingly but with a perplexed expression, unable to understand what had been said, since the conversation had been in Spanish.

"Au premier l'ensemble en rose, madame?" inquired the maid, holding out a set of rose-pink "undies" and a dinner frock of rose-pink silk chiffon with diamante embroidery.

"Yes, that would be effective and make madame look like a blushing rose," said Lorenzo in French. "You, perhaps, will provide the blush, beloved," he added in Spanish to Isabel, as the maid came forward to help her to disrobe.

"You are going to make me feel like a slave-girl parading before her new master in garments which he has chosen for her to make her more attractive in his eyes," Isabel retorted. "Now, indeed, you are emphasizing the fact that I am your 'latest plaything.' Lorenzo, don't you realize how you are humiliating me by insisting upon my parading myself before you in the presence of a servant?"

"Dear love, I thought you would prefer the maid to be present to act as a sort of chaperone and as a restraint to my ardor," said Lorenzo, still with that mischievous, taunting expression in his blue eyes. "If you wish, I will send her away and I myself will act as your maid."

"No, thank you," said Isabel abruptly.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1930, by Juanita Savage. All Rights Reserved.

Body Covered With Burning Rash

Skin Now Without a Blemish

Bethel, Maine—"My nephew had a severe skin trouble which covered his face, hands and whole body. His skin became raw from scratching. Many remedies were tried without success—then Resinol Soap and Ointment were prescribed. The first few applications stopped the itching, and soon he was entirely healed. He now has the loveliest skin I ever saw—no unsightly blotches mar the beauty of his complexion." (Signed) Vivian M. Eagle. The daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath, with a touch of Resinol Ointment for any irritations tends to keep the skin clear, soft and lovely.

Sample of each free. Dept. N-6, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

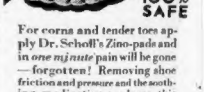
CORNS
GONE—FORGOTTEN

100% SAFE

For corns and tender toes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and in *one minute* pain will be gone—forgotten! Removing shoe friction and *pressure* and the soothing *medication medicates* this speedy, *permanent* relief.

Once gone, *corns never come back* if you apply a Zino-pad where the shoe rubs or pinches. Cutting your corns never does! Poisoning. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Zino-pads are *guaranteed 100% safe.* Thin, dainty, comforting, healing.

Sizes for CORNS, CORNS BETWEEN TOES—CALLOUSES—BUNIONS



At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

"High Light YOUR EYES"

—*urges* Marion Nixon

"Many women have perfectly gorgeous eyes," says this lovely film star. "But they don't let others know it. That's because their eyes are not properly 'high lighted.'

"I think a woman does her eyes an injustice by not 'high lighting' them when it's so easy with Delica-Brow lash-and-brow beautifier. That tint on her lashes and brows will instantly give your eyes a sparkle you never dreamed they had."

Waterproof—Smartproof

Delica-Brow is the famous lash-and-brow dressing that doesn't *burn* nor irritate the eyes. Waterproof, too. One application lasts all day. In cake or liquid, black or brown, 75c.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To reduce wrinkles and other age signs, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Dept. Stores everywhere.

BIRD MANNA
WILL MAKE HIM SING

Restores your canary's health and feathers and keep him fit. This secret of the St. Andreasberg canary breeders is a food, a tonic and a song-restorer. The one depend-able bird specific for more than 50 years. Sold by all druggists. Mailed for 15c in coin or stamps.

PHILA. BIRD FOOD CO.,
400 N. 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bird Book Free.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

MILLIONS use Lucky Tiger year in and year out. It is a positive germicide as well as a superior hair dressing. Bacteriological tests prove its efficiency.

Look for This TRADE MARK

LUCKY TIGER

No more you get it—no more you want it. You will find it in over 75,000 Barber Shops, 40,000 Drug Stores.

Delightfully refreshing. Quick to act. A single application of Lucky Tiger ends miserable itching.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Two-Dish Supper Parties

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Frozen Tomato Cream Salad.

BOIL 2 cups tomatoes, 2 cloves, 2 tablespoons sugar, a few grains paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, a few peppercorns, a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley, a few grains Cayenne pepper and 2 tablespoons vinegar for 10 minutes. Strain. Freeze to a mush and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff. Continue freezing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing. Serve with rolls and Lady Baltimore cake and iced tea.

Sour Milk Jam Cake.

BEAT 2 whole eggs and 1 egg yolk until light. Add 1 cup sifted brown sugar, 1 cup sour milk and 1 cup favorite jam. Beat well. Mix and sift 2½ cups pastry flour with 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Add gradually to the first mixture. Beat well and add ¾ cup butter, melted over hot water. Beat thoroughly. Turn into two buttered layer cake pans and bake in a rather hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for about 30 minutes. Put together and cover with seven minutes frosting.

Seven Minutes Frosting.

BRING water in lower part of double boiler to boiling point. In the top of double boiler put 1 unbeaten egg white, ⅓ teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ cup water, a few grains salt and 1 cup granulated sugar. Beat with an egg beater for 7 minutes. The water in the lower part of the double boiler should be boiling during the time of beating. Remove from stove. Pour the hot water out of the lower part of the boiler. Refill with cold water. Put the upper part in the cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix well. Spread.

Chocolate Squares.

BEAT 2 eggs until light and add 1 cup sugar. Melt 2 ounces chocolate over hot water and add ¼ cup scalded milk. Stir until it forms a smooth paste. Cool and add to the egg and sugar mixture. Mix and sift ½ cup pastry flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Sift into the first mixture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup chopped walnuts or butternuts. Add ⅓ cup butter, melted over hot water. Beat thoroughly and turn into a buttered cake pan about 9 by 9 inches. Bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 45 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

Fish Mousse.

POUND 1 cup of cooked fish smooth with ½ cup well seasoned white sauce, a few grains salt and pepper and 2 unbeaten egg whites. Press through a sieve. Beat in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and fold in 1 cup of cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a buttered mold and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm in center. Turn out on platter. Garnish with potato balls and serve with Hollandaise sauce. Supplement with sliced cucumbers and finger rolls. For dessert use fruit trifle.

Jellied South American Salad.

SOAK 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ¼ cup sugar, ⅔ cup lemon juice, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup finely shredded heart celery, 1 sliced orange freed from seed and membrane, 3 finely chopped ripe olives, ½ cup sliced red cherries and 3 or 4 sliced butternut meats that have been blanched. Turn into a border mold and chill. Turn out on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise. Cream cheese sandwiches, shaved ham sandwiches and iced coffee are good with this salad.

Veal Chops in Casserole.

DREDGE 6 veal chops with flour, and brown in frying pan, with a little salt pork fat and 6 onions. The onions should be boiled for 5 minutes before browning. Add 1 cup of white stock, ½ cup well seasoned tomato puree, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. One-half cup corn pulp may be added if desired. Cook gently until thoroughly tender. Serve with small rolls, sweet pickles, iced tea and cherry sundae.

Squash Pie.

LINE a pie plate with pastry. Trim off the edges and decorate or flute as desired. Prepare the following filling: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add ¾ cup sifted sugar and mix thoroughly. Add 2 well beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon, each, nutmeg, cinnamon and ginger, 1 cup sifted squash pulp and 1¼ cups rich milk. Pour into the pastry-lined plate. Place in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, and bake for 1 hour. Serve with whipped cream.

Frozen Cream Cheese Salad.

BEAT ½ cup cream cheese and ¼ cup mayonnaise dressing until smooth. Add 2 cups finely chopped pineapple and 2 dozen chopped marshmallows. Beat ½ cup cream until stiff, and fold into the mixture. Freeze in mechanical icebox. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with red or green cherries. Serve with date nut bread and iced cocoa or fruit punch.

Hot Chicken Sandwich.

HAVE ready as many pieces of buttered toast as you need. The bread should be toasted on one side only. Place two or three slices of cooked chicken on each slice, and pour over well seasoned mushroom sauce. Garnish with sauted mushrooms and parsley. Serve immediately, with iced tea, sweet pickels, orange sherbet and nut cookies.

Caramel Ice Cream.

SCALD 2 cups milk. Add 1 cup sugar sifted with ¼ cup flour and stir until smooth and thick. Cook about 20 minutes over hot water. Add 4 egg yolks beaten with a little of the hot mixture and stir until thick and smooth. Add ½ cup caramelized sugar dissolved in a little hot milk. Strain, cool and freeze to a soft mush. Add 1 quart cream, beaten stiff, and finish freezing.

Easy Potato Rolls.

COOK 4 small potatoes in boiling salted water. Drain and press through potato ricer. To the hot riced potato add 2 cups scalded milk, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar and 2 teaspoons salt. Beat well and add ⅝ yeast cake softened in ½ cup lukewarm water. Add sifted flour to make a soft batter. Let rise and add flour to make a dough. Knead and allow to double in bulk. Knead again and shape in balls. Place on a greased sheet. Let rise and bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Planked Steak.

CUT tender steak that is well mottled with fat about an inch and a quarter thick. Wipe with a damp cloth. Rub a hot broiler with a little beef fat. Cook the steak on the broiler under a hot flame about 8 minutes, turning several times. Place on a hot, well-oiled plank. Pile hot Duchess potatoes around the edge of the plank. Set 6 boiled onions on the steak. Brush over the onions and potato with egg yolk beaten and diluted with a little milk. Set the plank into a hot oven to brown and reheat the potatoes, brown the onions and cook the steak. Garnish with stuffed and baked green peppers. Serve with brown mushroom sauce.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Peaches.	Melons.	Fruit.	Cereal. Figs.
Cereal.	Fried Egg Plant.	Oatmeal.	Prepared Cereal.	Broiled Bacon.	Muffins.	Toast. Coffee.
Reheated Rolls.	Graham Muffins.	Soft Cooked Eggs.	Scrambled Eggs. Rolls.	Corn Muffins.	Frizzled Dried Beef.	*Dinner*
Coffee.	Coffee.	Toast.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Stuffed Beef's Heart.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Brown Sauce.
Chives Salad.	Omelet with Green Peas.	*Luncheon*	Nut Bread Sandwiches.	Stuffed Tomato Salad	Toasted Emergency	Sweet Potato Balls.
Tomato Sandwiches.	Rice Timbales.	Canteloupe Cup.	Lettuce Sandwiches.	(Left-Overs) with Mayonnaise.	Sandwiches.	Buttered Corn.
Cup Cakes with	Toasted Left-Over	Toasted Club	Spanish Pie with	Jelly Jumbles.	Apple Whip.	Tomato and Cucumber
Fruit Sauce.	Graham Muffins.	Sandwiches.	Whipped Cream.	Iced Tea.	Iced Cocoa.	Salad.
Iced Tea.	Stewed Fruit.	Iced Punch.	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Fruit
Dinner	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Broiled	*(Supper)*	Ice Cream.
Veal Chops in	*Dinner*	*(Company)*	Smothered	Lamb Chops or	Deviled	*Supper*
Casserole.	Fish Mousse	Frozen	Chicken or	Veal Loaf	Crabs.	Emergency
Sweet	with Hollandaise	Cream	Fricandeau of	with Sour Cream	Tartare	Sandwiches
Pickles.	Sauce.	Cheese	Veal.	Sauce.	Sauce.	(Left-Overs).
Small	Potato Balls or	Salad.	Brown Sauce.	Macaroni.	Potato	Iced Cocoa.
Buttered	Buttered	Date	Stewed Rice.	Buttered Peas.	Salad.	Stewed
Rolls.	Noodles.	Nut	Buttered	Grated	Wafers.	Prunes
Cherry	Cucumber Salad.	Bread.	Lima Beans.	Raw Carrot and	Pineapple	in
Sundae.	Finger Rolls.	Iced Punch or	Coleslaw.	Pineapple	Sherbet.	Orange Jelly.
	Fruit Trifle.	Tea.	One-Two-Three	Salad.		Whipped
	Lemon Cookies.		Sherbet.	Cheese Wafers.		Cream.

American Weekly Patterns

A SMART STYLE (6914). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 36-inch size will require 4 yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material required ⅛ yard 39 inches wide and cut crosswise.

A SERVICEABLE DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (6927). This pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size with the cape will require 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material. Without the cape, 1¾ yards will be required.

A CHIC DAYTIME FROCK FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES (6920). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 4½ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material, ⅛ yard 35 inches wide will be required, cut crosswise.

A POPULAR PLAY SUIT FOR SMALL BOYS (6930). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size, as shown in the large view, will require ⅞ yard of 35-inch material for the blouse and 1 yard for the trousers.

A PRACTICAL MORNING FROCK WITH REVERSIBLE CLOSING (6545). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size with long sleeves will require 4⅝ yards of material 35 inches wide. With short sleeves, 4⅛ yards will be required. For contrasting material, ½ yard will be required, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (6759). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the dress, as pictured in the large view, for a 4-year size requires 2 yards of 35-inch material. Without collar and with sleeves it requires 2⅛ yards 35 inches wide. To trim the dress with frills or ruffling will require ⅝ yard of material cut crosswise and in strips 1½ inches wide and best finished with picot. The shoulder bow requires 1⅛ yards of ribbon.

GIRL'S DRESS (6624). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 1¾ yards of material 35 inches wide. For collar and sleeve bands of contrasting material, ¼ yard 32 inches wide is rquired, cut crosswise. For plaiting on the collar, 1¾ yards 2 inches wide is required, cut crosswise, or 1¾ yards of lace or edging.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin *(seal envelope flap securely on all edges)*, to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
Two Patterns for 25 Cents or 15 Cents Each.

6914.....Bust	6920.....Years
6927.....Years	6930.....Years
6624.....Years	6759.....Years
6545.....Size	

Name .....
St. & No. .....
City & State .....

Send 10 cents in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1930-1931 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

QUICK HEAT!

for Baby's Milk, Delicious Dishes, Curling Irons, Toast, etc.

SPECIAL
STERNO STOVE
ONLY 10¢ SEE COUPON

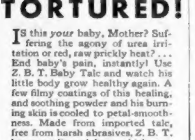
ANY time, anywhere, Sterno is always ready to heat water, milk . . . make coffee or tea . . . cook delicious dishes. Scores of other uses, too. Quickly heats curling iron, water for shaving, baby's milk. Invaluable in sick room . . . outdoors . . . aboard boats.

Sterno Canned Heat is absolutely safe. No sparks, smoke or cinders. Burns solid.

Ask your dealer about the new Sterno 3-in-1 Combination—improved enameled stove, cooking pot with cover, can of Heat and extinguisher—all for 98c. And mail the coupon today for special introductory Sterno Stove—wonderful value—and Sterno Cook Book. Both for 10¢. Dept. 129, Sterno Corp. (Est. 1887) 9 East 37th St., New York City.

MAIL NOW ! STERNO CANNED HEAT
Sterno Corp. Dept. 129-W. 9 E. 37th St. New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ for special Sterno Stove and new Cook Book.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....
Licensed by U. S. Govt. for use only on fuel

Z.B.T.
BABY TALCUM
Fine for Baby's Body—
Fine for Every Body!



TORTURED!

IS this *your* baby, Mother? Suffering the agony of urea irritation or red, raw prickly heat? . . . End baby's pain, instantly! Use Z. B. T. Baby Talc and watch his little body grow healthy again. A few flings of this healing, and soothing powder and his burning skin is cooled to petal-smoothness. Made from imported talc, free from harsh abrasives, Z. B. T. has a medicated base which protects sensitive skin against painful irritations. Recommended by doctors, nurses and hospitals everywhere. Compounded according to the prescription of a famous baby specialist for a dusting powder. 25c and 10c at your favorite drug counter or chain store. If your dealer is out of stock, send stamps direct to Crystal Chemical Company, Dept. 8, Bronx, N. Y.

ACROSS THE TABLE

THE stranger saw the gleam of her beautiful finger-nails as she picked up the menu card. He thought, "What an attractive girl and how careful she is of details!"

It pays to be careful

Everywhere you go people notice your finger-nails. Keep them clean and dainty with La Cross Manicure Scissors. Fine workmanship insures long life and good service. At drug and department stores. Scissors, 75c to $2.25; nail files, 10c to 45c; tweezers, 10c to 60c. *Made of high-grade steel*

SCHNEFEL BROTHERS,
Incorporated
Newark, N. J.

La Cross
CUTICLE SCISSORS
NAIL FILES TWEEZERS
MANICURE SETS
(The price of this No. 212½ Scissors is $1.25)

Instant Hot Water *from any* COLD WATER *faucet*

Simply attach a Hot Shot Electric Water Heater as shown in picture, plug cord in electrical outlet, turn switch and get an *unlimited* supply of pure hot water instantly, at any desired temperature. A "Hot Shot" fits all faucets, can be moved from one faucet to another in a jiffy. A REAL necessity for homes, shops, garages, or anywhere hot water is desired. Sold at a price anyone can afford, a "Hot Shot" gives

Unlimited Hot Water Service

Desirable Territory Open To Responsible Agents

Write at once for full information, descriptive literature, and low introductory prices—less than one-fifth the cost of a small unit tank system. Write now—address

Hot Shot Electric Water Heater Corporation
Dept. 419, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Instantfreeze

ICE CREAM
ICES
SHERBETS
in 30 Seconds!

DOZENS of frozen delicacies made with fruit, root beer, ginger ale, fruit juices and other inexpensive beverages in a half minute. Put ice and salt *inside* revolving drum—the frozen dessert forms on the *outside*, ready to serve. Recipe book with each unit.

INSTANTFREESE makes up to one gallon with six pounds of ice. Machine is sturdily made, easily cleaned and processed to prevent rusting. $10.75 postage paid.

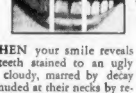
$10.75 Postage Paid

Send $5.00 with order and pay postman the balance on delivery. Money-back guarantee.

Agents wanted: Men and women, on full or part time, will find this a profitable item. Send for full details.

INSTANTFREESE CORPORATION, 18 Keefe Ave., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

new technique
CLEANS *Dull Teeth*
fully three shades whiter in 3 days



WHEN your smile reveals teeth stained to an ugly yellow, cloudy, marred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums others know that you have Bacterial-Mouth . . . an inexcusable condition caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. Kolynos whitens teeth so quickly and firms gums so effectively because it kills these germs.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists advocate the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dentifrice full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this technique.

When it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes an antiseptic FOAM that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary. This FOAM gets into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are killed, and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in the first 15 seconds.*

Food particles that ferment and cause decay are removed . . . acids are neutralized . . . tartar is gently erased.

Teeth are easily cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will feel clean! Try a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM
Keeps your mouth surgically clean

The Kolynos Co., Dept 817-AW-73
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name .....
Street & No. .....
City ..... State .....

Cools Soothes Comforts
Quick Relief for Sore, Itching, Burning Feet
a liquid SOOTHING *is better*
Oil of Salt
At All Druggists

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

9 BIG REASONS

WHY THIS IS THE BEST CAR FOR THE MONEY

72 MILES AN HOUR—easily and comfortably sustained. Exceptionally fast speed for a low-priced car.

48 MILES AN HOUR IN SECOND GEAR—for the alert pick-up so necessary in today's traffic.

65 HORSEPOWER—developed at car speed of 70 miles an hour. Most powerful car in its price class.

GREATER SMOOTHNESS—engine rubber insulated against vibration; heavy, counterbalanced crankshaft.

GREATER GASOLINE ECONOMY—particularly at fast modern cruising speeds of 35 to 45 miles an hour.

GREATER RIDING COMFORT—four two-way hydraulic shock eliminators; oversize balloon tires.

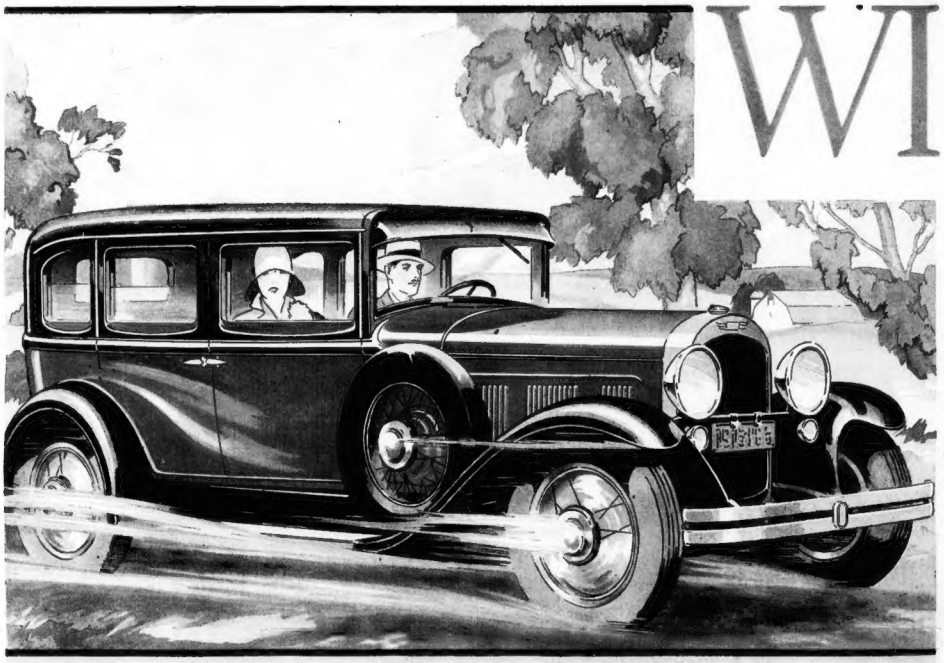
GREATER SAFETY—internal four-wheel brakes, fully enclosed; protected from dust and moisture.

GREATER BEAUTY—trim, stylish lines; rich, harmoniously blended colors; high quality of finish.

GREATER LUXURY—spacious, comfortable interiors; fine broadcloth upholstery; attractive appointments.

* * *

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC.
TOLEDO, OHIO



WILLYS SIX SEDAN DE LUXE $850

WILLYS SIX

PRICES FROM

$695

to $850. Complete line of body types—Coach, 2-pass. Coupe, 4-pass. Coupe, 2-pass. Roadster, 4-pass. Roadster, Standard Sedan, Sedan De Luxe, Touring, 1½ Ton Truck Chassis. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio.

VISIT THE SHOWROOM NEAREST YOUR HOME

BOSTON WHIPPET KNIGHT CORPORATION, 533 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

DISTRIBUTORS WHIPPET, WILLYS SIX & EIGHT AND WILLYS KNIGHT FINE MOTOR CARS

PARTS AND SERVICE—28 Brighton Ave., Boston

CAMBRIDGE BRANCH—2085 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

ALLSTON—Morrison Motors Co., 77 Linden St.
ARLINGTON—Brad Swift, Inc., 175 Broadway
EAST BOSTON—Sumner Motor Sales, 143 Sumner St.
EVERETT—Everett Knight & Whippet Co., Cor. Broadway and Revere Parkway
MALDEN—140 Ferry St. Garage, Ferry St. and Eastern Ave.
MELROSE—Smith Bros. Garage, Inc., 467 Main St.
NEWTON—Newton Knight Corp., 435-437 Washington St., Newton, Mass.
QUINCY—Hancock Square Motor Co., 31 Adams St.
REVERE—Crescent Motor Sales, 429 Broadway.
ROSLINDALE—Bowers Motor Sales, Inc., Roslindale Square.
ROXBURY—Ayers Motor Sales, 362 Warren St.
SHARON—James E. Taylor.
SOMERVILLE—Progressive Motor Sales, 482A Highland Ave.
STONEHAM—Stoneham Overland Co., 1 Block St.
WALTHAM—Mullica Motor Sales, 14 Pine St.
WATERTOWN—Watertown Whippet Co., 523 Mt. Auburn St.
WEYMOUTH—Cote Bros., Washington Sq.
WOBURN—Federal Motor Co., 4 Salem St.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO . . . WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA